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The Shape of Things

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THE WEEK-END OF AUGUST 13, MARKED BY advance rumor as the beginning of the Second World War, passed peacefully enough although not without its moments of anxiety. With his usual flair for the provocative, Hitler began the mobilization of more than a million reservists for autumn military maneuvers. Private automobiles, trucks, furniture vans, and even municipal buses were requisitioned to play a role in the demonstration. It may be assumed that Hitler chose this strategic moment to stage his big show in order to bring maximum pressure on the negotiations in Czechoslovakia. Since experience has shown that the Czechs are not likely to be intimidated, it was presumably intended primarily to impress Runciman and Chamberlain with the urgency of the German claims against Prague. Economically, Britain and Germany could strangle Czechoslovakia unless the United States chose to come to its aid. Meanwhile, any satisfaction we may feel that another "crucial" week-end has passed without war is tempered by the fact that no steps have been taken to make the next week-end less crucial.

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EVEN IF NOTHING ELSE HAD HAPPENED politically last week, the shellacking that Ohio Democrats gave to Governor Martin L. Davey would have been enough to make it an invigorating one for the country. Here was a man who fought Little Steel's battles with state troops and whose campaign was one long blast about the Moscow menace of the C. I. O.; he will shortly return to the tree-doctoring business. But a good deal more than that happened. In two out of three senatorial primaries the New Deal scored again. The same Ohioans who uprooted Davey sent Robert J. Bulkley back to the Senate with the support of Labor's Non-Partisan League, to the gratification of President Roosevelt, who had bestowed an O. F. ("old friend") on Bulkley during the campaign. Arkansas came through with a victory for Senator Hattie W. Caraway, an unfailing supporter of the Administration, although the New Deal was hardly an issue in the primary. The Roosevelt forces undoubtedly came a cropper in Idaho, where the Administration

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lost a stalwart supporter in the defeat of Senator James P. Pope, the first New Deal senatorial incumbent to fall in this year's primaries. The vote was extremely close, however, and there is a widespread belief, even among Republicans, that many of their number took advantage of a weakness in the Idaho law to register as Democrats in order to effect the nomination of a weaker candidate.

*

PERHAPS MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN ANY OF the primary results themselves was the tonic effect which the Ohio victory and the Barkley triumph in Kentucky a week before seem to have had on the President. He has given up the conciliatory approach which for a time threatened to substitute watchful (and costly) waiting for vigorous social campaigning. The free-hitting way he has gone after Senator Walter F. George of Georgia is notice to the country that he has the New Deal program much in mind, and that his personal friendship for conservative "gentlemen and scholars" does not extend to the point of offering them a free ride on his coat-tails.

*

THE DIES COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN activities is living up to the Texas representative's past performances, and has itself become an un-American menace of serious proportions. It has hardly begun its work, but it has made plain its intention of muffing its chance to do anything substantial about Nazi activities in America, and of turning the investigation into another red-hunt. The amazing report of Edward Sullivan, the committee's chief investigator on the West Coast, goes out of its way to whitewash the Nazis there, explaining their anti-Semitic activities as the natural reaction to the Jewish boycott of Germany; and while Mr. Dies took a potshot at George Sylvester Viereck, discredited pro-German propagandist of long standing, he has shown what game he is really stalking by the testimony introduced about the Communists and the C. I. O. What is most interesting about this testimony—and John P. Frey's attempt to pin the Communist label upon John Brophy is an indication of its quality—is that it synchronizes so perfectly with the anti-C. I. O. drive on other fronts. There is the split in the U. A. W. and Homer Martin's dictatorial ousting of a section of the union's executive board as Communist. There are the charges of negotiations between Martin (still presumably a C. I. O. leader) and Mr. Frey. There is the attack by the committee's Mr. Sullivan upon Harry Bridges, coinciding with the withdrawal of five unions from the West Coast C. I. O. Industrial Council. And there are the persistent reports that David Dubinsky will soon lead his I. L. G. W. U. out of the C. I. O. What we are witnessing in America today, in short, is not just one of the recurrent red-hunts but one designed to break the back of the strongest progressive labor movement America has seen.

IT IS HARD TO SEE WHAT EXTENUATING evidence Senator George L. Berry can offer to blunt the indictment leveled against him in the TVA investigation. His discredited marble claims appear to have been not only an isolated act of bad faith; they might have wrought irreparable damage to the New Deal's most promising social adventure. And the incident has thus far provided effective artillery for critics of David A. Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan. According to testimony before the committee, Mr. Berry acquired marble lands in the Tennessee Valley in 1932. When construction of the Norris Dam required flooding of that area, Berry promptly sought compensation from the government. It becomes increasingly clear that this was an attempt to get something for nothing, with the integrity of TVA jeopardized by the effort. What must be explained is the seeming tenderness with which these claims were treated. As early as 1934 the chief geologist of TVA suggested that the claims represented a "hold up"; similar warnings were current from time to time while the negotiations ensued. Yet in 1936, by signing a conciliation agreement with Mr. Berry, TVA's directors implicitly rebuked the rumors of bad faith. It was not until the following year that this proceeding was abandoned and a condemnation suit vigorously launched; last March Senator Berry's properties were pronounced commercially worthless by a three-man commission. The three-year delay has not yet been plausibly explained; why did TVA's directors fail to press a swift and merciless inquiry of these rumors as soon as they were heard? We are suspending judgment on that question until Mr. Lilienthal, Harcourt Morgan, and Mr. Berry himself take the stand; but the issue cannot be avoided if those who hate TVA and all its works are to be effectively challenged.

*

THE FIRST CHANGKUFENG INCIDENT ENDED when Japan backed down on its long-standing demand for two-thirds' control of the commission which is to demarcate the Soviet-Manchurian frontier. Although further disputes have arisen over the truce, and another incident occurred the following day on Sakhalin Island, the threat of a Soviet-Japanese war has definitely diminished. In choosing to yield despite a serious loss of "face," Japan bowed to the inevitable. A war against the Soviet Union under present circumstances would undoubtedly lead to the destruction of the military clique which has dominated Japanese foreign policy since 1931, and what is true today will be even truer six months from now. The Changkufeng incident has already held up the attack on Hankow by at least a fortnight and has resulted in the collapse of the Japanese drive in southern Shansi. With its gold reserve down to approximately $200,000,000, Japan must deal a knockout blow by the end of the year if it is to win at all in China.

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EASTERN EUROPE, IF WE ARE TO JUDGE BY a number of recent developments, is definitely shying away from the Berlin-Rome axis. The most striking deviation has occurred in Rumania. Frightened by the fate of Austria, King Carol's government has yielded to the Soviet Union on the question of permitting the Russian military to cross Rumanian territory in going to the aid of Czechoslovakia. Three railway links have been completed in recent weeks, as well as an excellent military highway. In line with this general shift in policy, the Rumanian government has enacted a new statute granting unprecedented rights to its minorities. Poland, though leaning toward Berlin in its foreign policy, has announced its intention of withdrawing from the League Council, thus clearing the way for unanimous Council action against the aggressor in the event of an attack on Czechoslovakia. The recent agreement permitting the rearmament of Bulgaria, signed July 31, strengthens the anti-fascist forces of Eastern Europe. Officially, Yugoslavia is still inclined toward the axis. But the presence and extreme cordiality of some 10,000 Yugoslavs, including several hundred army men, at the Sokol Sports Carnival at Prague has convinced the Czechs of the deep-seated friendship of the Yugoslav population. Straws pointing disquietingly in the opposite direction may also be found, such as the recent Polish and Hungarian press attacks on the Czechs; but the tide seems definitely to have turned against a supine acceptance of German hegemony in Southeastern Europe.

*

SACCO and VANZETTI: died August 23, 1927.

Anti-Semitism Is Here

ANTI-SEMITISM is growing in the United States. As tangible as a heavy fog, it is spreading through new areas of our social life and carrying with it the threat of unspeakable future ills. We say these words with reluctance, but without any question of their truth. Nor will they be disputed by any person sensitive to currents of popular feeling. Like a fog, too, this prejudice is hard to fight, hard even to get hold of and analyze. You know it is there, but you are at a loss to describe its exact shape or substance or dimensions.

In Europe anti-Semitism has been on the increase ever since the Great War. It has followed in the wake of political and economic disturbances throughout Central and Eastern Europe, culminating in the obscenities of the Hitler terror. But Americans have considered themselves relatively immune to anti-Semitism in its cruder forms. Basically we are ashamed of the race prejudice that exists: colleges may establish Jewish quotas, hotels exclude Jewish patrons, clubs and fraternities refuse Jewish members, but we drape such discriminations in euphemisms or bury them in unwritten laws. And in either case we recognize them as flagrant offenses against the democratic tradition that serves as our social conscience if not as a rule of action.

Until recently we regarded with considerable contempt the excesses of the Old World. Even people who may have felt some inner sympathy for Hitler were forced to express it apologetically; they gave "reasons" why his treatment of the Jews, regrettable though it was, had been inevitable. Anti-Semitism remained pretty well confined within its upper-class pale. And when an upstart American fascist group like the Silver Shirts or a fanatic like Robert Edmondson would sow a crop of "Protocols" or indecent anti-Jewish leaflets, their behavior was dismissed as a product of reaction's lunatic fringe.

Today the situation has definitely changed. Yet the change is subtle. Race feeling is on the increase, but it has not emerged in overt acts or new restrictions nor is it discussed in the press. Jews seem to be less aware of it than Gentiles; a fact that may explain how, in Germany, so many Jews were able to remain relatively unsuspecting until the blow fell. In lieu of real standards of measurement—for no one can measure what is still a subjective attitude—we can only cite random indications of the change. One major sign is the tendency among Gentile opponents of the Administration to damn the Jews for Roosevelt's alleged sins. The name of Felix Frankfurter has come to symbolize Jewish radicalism in the New Deal —with no regard to the fact that Frankfurter is an uncompromising constitutionalist and a moderate liberal in his political views. The influence of Benjamin V. Cohen is chalked up against the Jews; but as far as we have heard, the parallel influence of Thomas Corcoran is held against Corcoran alone. The admirable freedom from race discrimination which characterizes the whole Roosevelt regime is itself held as a reproach to the Administration. Those scurrilous appeals to prejudice that provided ammunition for the embattled reactionaries of the 1936 campaign have been the accepted attitude of the same group ever since.

In business the growth of intolerance is just as marked. We have heard business men express their whole sense of insecurity and economic frustration in terms of the "Jewish menace"; Jews "dominate" industry and finance on the one hand, while on the other they are responsible for labor's new militancy. Dubinsky and Hillman are considered significant and typical names—even in an organization that is headed by a Lewis and a Brophy and a Murray. An important business man with a reputation for liberalism said recently: "The Jews are the cause of all our troubles in this country and I wish that every one of them could be deported." He suggested South America as a suitable asylum.

This attitude is, of course, no more than a single mani-

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festation of the dangerous bitterness of the reactionary forces in America today both in business and politics. The man who hates the New Deal, who calls the C. I. O. a "Marxist" organization, who is looking for an "American" solution of our industrial ills, and who blames the Jews for his troubles is not different in kind from his counterpart in pre-Nazi Germany who drew his fears and prejudices into a similar pattern and welcomed the man—social upstart though he was—who embodied the whole complex. Soon after he came to power Hitler told an American correspondent who had expressed disapproval of the Nazi *Judenhass* that within a very few years the same feeling would sweep the United States. He may prove a true prophet.

One of the most serious effects of the new anti-Semitism in America is its effect upon the Jews themselves. As in Germany, Jews of the business world by and large share the attitudes of their Gentile counterparts. Why should they not? They similarly oppose Roosevelt and fear the New Deal and denounce the C. I. O. They share everything but the Gentiles' anti-Semitism, and their emotions force them to a defensive position that is hardly less dangerous—that is, in fact, a sort of inverted anti-Semitism. It can be summed up in the opinion expressed by a Jewish broker last spring. He said, "Morris Ernst, by his fight against Hague, has done more to hurt the Jews than anyone else in the United States." Why? Because Morris Ernst was defending the constitutional right of workers to assemble and speak even under the dictatorship of Frank Hague? That was the fact, but this critic put it differently: Morris Ernst was taking the side of Communists and members of the C. I. O. and thus identifying a Jew—and, by implication, all Jews—with subversive and disreputable ideas. Conservative Jews, faced with the insanity of anti-Semitism, are tempted to abandon rationality themselves and accept as their own criteria of behavior the prejudices that operate against them. A radical Jewish labor leader or public official is looked upon not merely as a wrong-headed fellow but as a menace to the race; a Jew who militantly espouses even the cause of free speech is considered a person of dubious judgment.

But conservative Jews are, of course, impaled upon a grim dilemma. They cannot serve what they believe to be their economic interests without encouraging the growth of anti-Semitism at the same time, for race prejudice is a by-product of industrial and political reaction. Nothing can alter this, least of all a policy of well-bred discretion on the part of the Jews. The only hope of burning through the fog of race hatred or of halting its spread is to strengthen every democratic force in the country. The future of the Jew in America is tied tight to the future of democracy, and that in turn depends upon a successful resistance to reaction, whether it appears in the guise of Wall Street Republicanism or the primitive fascism of Frank Hague. Both are riddled with anti-Semitic feeling. Both must be overcome if the American ideal of tolerance and the equality of races is to survive.

Beyond the Ebro

THE third year of the Spanish revolt has thus far been the hardest for Franco. The government's offensive across the Ebro has proved, with the possible exception of the attack on Teruel, the most successful military maneuver carried out by the Republican troops in the twenty-five months of the war. It not only succeeded in adding several hundred square miles to the government's territory, but completely checked Franco's drive against Sagunto and Valencia. At the moment Franco finally succeeded in stopping the drive on the outskirts of Gandesa, the Loyalists struck again, this time toward Albaracin. A week later, just as the rebels were poised for a strong counter-offensive on the Gandesa front, government troops crossed the Serge near Lerida, diverting troops to that sector.

The government's conspicuous success has completely altered world opinion regarding the probable final outcome in Spain. Three months ago the foreign offices of the world were convinced of the certainty of a rebel victory. Some, including the American State Department, declared it to be only a matter of weeks. The refusal of the United States to raise the embargo and the closing of the French frontier late in May appeared even to many who are friendly to Spain to seal its fate. It was a foregone conclusion that German and Italian aid would continue to flow unchecked into rebel territory, while at the same time the British government offered no resistance to the repeated sinking of food ships destined for Loyalist ports. The ability of the Spanish government to sustain an offensive calling for great technical skill and reserve strength has upset all these calculations. In crossing the Ebro and the Serge, the government did what the rebels, with their vastly superior equipment, had been unable to do for months. As a result, observers who previously thought that Franco would win within thirty days are now talking about a stalemate. There is even some discussion of an eventual government victory. For unless they are entirely cut off from supplies, the Loyalists will be stronger six months from now than they are at present.

As always, the decisive factor remains the extent of foreign intervention. Here, too, the picture has been changed by the recent government victories. The left parties in France have become extremely antagonistic to the sealing of the Franco-Spanish frontier. Daladier is said to have served notice on the British that the border cannot be kept closed much longer unless definite

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progress is made toward withdrawal of the Italian "volunteers." Prodded by France, the British government has brought pressure on both Franco and Mussolini for action on the withdrawal plan. While no one takes British pressure very seriously these days, Mussolini is presented with the embarrassing choice of limiting the flow of men and materials to Spain, and thus risking a Franco defeat, or of having France reopen its border, coupled with the added risk of a collapse of the Anglo-Italian agreement.

France's restiveness under the non-intervention policy imposed by Britain may also have important effects on the Czechoslovakian situation. Many sectors of French opinion are as suspicious as the Czechs of the sincerity of Runciman's visit. They see in the recent reports of German mobilization rather convincing evidence of the folly of trying to meet Hitler half way. If Chamberlain is to keep France under his thumb, he will have to make concessions—possibly with respect to Czechoslovakia as well as Spain. In any event it is clear that the fascists have overplayed their hands, and in so doing have greatly weakened the position of their London friend. This does not mean that Chamberlain is likely to be overthrown, or that he will cease his efforts to play with the dictators. But it is difficult to see how he can avoid making concessions to the reviving democratic forces of Europe.

Southern Waste Land

NOTHING could make clearer that Mr. Roosevelt's current concern with Southern politics has genuine economic and social roots than the report on the South's condition just released by the National Emergency Council. It is a report that cuts deep, and its effect is enhanced by its being factual, concise, almost terrifying in the simplicity with which it exposes the poverty and economic brutality of the South. It is one of the most moving and disturbing analyses that have come out of the New Deal.

Northerners need not feel condescending about it, nor need Southerners feel singled out for censure. Northerners have tended to regard the South as a cultured European might feel about some primitive and backward people; but here is proof that the South is what it is largely because of the financial imperialism of Northern big business. The South, on the other hand, has always resented prying New York intellectuals and New England welfare workers; but here is a study of the South made entirely by Southerners, and sponsored by an advisory committee of representative Southern leaders. We have to thank the continuing work, during the last few years, of the Southern Policy Committee, which has brought to the problems of that region the best economic realism the South itself provides. There has been in the past a whole stream of reports on various phases of Southern economic life. But this is the first comprehensive analysis that has not been hushed up through a false sense of political discretion; it bids fair to become the spearpoint of legislative and administrative policy toward the South.

Have you wondered why Senators are reactionary in the South, why workers are backward, why lynchings are frequent and intolerance widespread, why the South has thus far been almost impermeable to labor organization? Read this report. It is richer, more important, more absorbing than the current best-seller you have just bought about the European impasse or the dangers of planned economics. For if the South is culturally a waste land, one does not have to resort to mystical vaporings about regional character and historical traditions to explain it. Here are the facts that condition the impact of the South upon our national life today—the facts about the wasting of the South's splendid natural and human resources, the erosion of its soil, the crowding of its rural slums, the draining of its youngest blood and best talent, its ramshackle housing, its starvation wages, its monopoly of pellagra and its subjection to syphilis and malaria, its sparse schooling, its exploitation of the labor of women and children, its dependent farm tenantry and brutalized and impoverished landowners, its untaxed industries and its tax-burdened common people—in short, the grotesque paradox it presents of a land that "is blessed by nature with immense wealth," yet whose "people as a whole are the poorest in the country."

The roots of what is wrong with the South are not sectional but national. The South is tributary to the utilities and banks and lumber companies and textile companies and big industries of the North. It has become a satrapy of the corporate oligarchs that dominate the economic destinies of all of us. The enemies of the South are the enemies of the common man throughout the country. The difference is that in the South it is not only a class but an entire region that has been victimized by the chaotic conduct of our industry and the concentration of its power.

It is little wonder that the Southern intellectual and literary movement that has attracted most notice is reactionary and pessimistic. The South's plight has made its intellectuals bitter; and without the economic clarity that this report represents, bitterness may lead only to a more drastic reaction. But despite the program of the agrarian traditionalists, the path of the South does not lead backward to the simpler economy of the past. And despite the Southern Senators, it does not lead to a coalition with the G. O. P. It merges with the broad highway of a planned and collective control of the resources of the whole nation. What the Melett report implies is that such a program must be not only inter-industrial but inter-regional as well.

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La Follette Pulls His Punches

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 15

THE well-advertised duel between Tom Girdler and Bob La Follette turned out to be pretty much of a flop. One reason was that both parties had decided that discretion would be the better part of valor. "Terrible Tom" did none of the roaring and table-pounding in which he indulged before another Senate committee a year earlier. Forewarned that La Follette's aides had uncovered a series of discrepancies between the testimony given by Girdler last summer and the evidence taken from his company's files in recent weeks, he made haste to confess his "mistakes." He had been "mistaken" about the number and character of the weapons carried in Republic Steel's arsenal. He had been "mistaken" about the exchange of information between his spies and those employed by other corporations. In fact, he had known virtually nothing about the elaborate espionage system maintained in Republic plants with his stockholders' money. La Follette, on the other hand, treated Girdler with elaborate courtesy and consideration, and failed to confront him with a number of facts that were calculated to embarrass him. Bob has got into the habit of leaning over backward so far that he is constantly losing his balance. Moreover, for some strange reason, he has become imbued with the notion that the most important purpose of his investigation is to "make a record." Of course, the record which chiefly matters is the one which appears in the daily newspapers, and it is not improved by feeding salt-water taffy to such characters as Tom Girdler. La Follette seemed surprised when he learned that Girdler had not read the transcript of previous testimony. He may as well resign himself to the fact that virtually nobody has read it, or ever will, except a few writers digging for book material.

Meantime the Dies committee of the House—commissioned to inquire into "un-American activities"—has fulfilled expectations by permitting itself to be used as a sounding board for John P. Frey's slanderous attack on the C. I. O. On the long list of union executives whom Frey named as Communists are many men whom I know intimately, and they are no more Communists than the Archbishop of Canterbury is. Justly or otherwise, to call a man a Communist in this country is to apply an opprobrious term. It would be a salutary step, in my judgment, if a few loose-tongued demagogues of the Frey type were required to answer charges of libel. There is nothing more calculated to bridle a reckless tongue than a resounding verdict for damages. Since I am not a lawyer I cannot be accused of ambulance-chasing in making the suggestion. I hope it will fall on fertile ground. Character assassination has become a fixed practice of the little clique of labor politicians who run the American Federation of Labor, but it can still be discouraged.

As a matter of fact, if the Dies committee wished to do something useful—a hypothesis unsupported by any evidence at this date—it might ask Frey, Bill Green, and their associates to explain the curious coincidence whereby their efforts to discourage the unionization of workers in the mass-production industries are almost indistinguishable from those employed by the National Association of Manufacturers. Whether it is anything more than coincidence I cannot say. If I had evidence of actual collaboration I would publish it. Probably it doesn't exist. The probability is that the A. F. of L. bosses are simply emulating the tactics of an organization which has had much experience in opposing the organization of workers. However, the facts should be impressed on the public, especially on the rank and file of the A. F. of L. It is no exaggeration to say that the cause of union labor has no more dangerous enemy today than the governing group of the federation. When it comes to gross, deliberate misrepresentation of the record of the Labor Relations Board, Green has out-Girdlered Girdler.

A week ago nearly all the tory editors and columnists were solemnly explaining that the projected purge had been abandoned because Roosevelt had lost his nerve. What he saw and heard on the Western trip convinced him, they said, that purging is a hazardous business, likely to backfire. How many columns of this ineffable tripe were printed, heaven only knows. Then the President landed in Georgia—with both feet—on Senator George. It was a much bolder and riskier step than his indorsement of Barkley in Kentucky, and at once it was incumbent on the tory editors and columnists to explain.

From *l'Humanité*

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This was a tough assignment. To tell a doting public why you crawled out on a limb and carefully sawed it off, is embarrassing, and many of the writers didn't even attempt it. They simply proceeded to throw fits.

For example, the editorial page of the Washington *Post,* generally recognized in the capital as a sure cure for insomnia, hauled off with an excited leader printed in two-column measure. It contained the customary bunk about Roosevelt wishing to be a dictator, and concluded with the question: "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?" In the effort to get themselves right side up other writers resorted to various devices. Some employed the solemn, censorious tone, and expatiated on the theme that Georgia Democrats would "resent" outside interference, although that theme had not proved sound when applied to the Kentucky situation. The lowest note was struck, I believe, by Dave Lawrence, who remarked that the introduction of a political subject at Warm Springs might cause some people to cancel their subscriptions to the fund for crippled children! Doubtless Dave would be the first to deny that he intended to suggest such a thing, but he is a grown man, and it is difficult to perceive how he can escape his responsibility in the matter. It is a responsibility which few would wish to share with him.

Roosevelt did in Georgia exactly what every sensible observer should have expected. That he will repeat the performance in Maryland for the purpose of replacing the frivolous and reactionary Millard Tydings with David Lewis is a foregone conclusion. Why would he do otherwise? The primaries have demonstrated thus far that the voters are still with him. The only major setback he has suffered was in Idaho, and there seems to be no dispute about the fact that Senator Pope was defeated by Republicans who entered the Democratic primary. Incidentally, that fact illustrates rather strikingly how completely the Republican Party is the tool of vested interests. It can even be used to defeat a progressive Democrat with one who is reactionary. Instead of furnishing a respectable opposition it is content to serve as a stooge.

The Breakdown of Relief

BY SAMUEL LUBELL AND WALTER EVERETT

Chicago, August 9

RELIEF in a good part of the United States is crumbling under the impact of the recession like a town rocked by a series of earthquakes. In some cities relief agencies have already slammed their doors against thousands in dire need. Akron's reliefers must keep body and soul together on twelve cents a person for a day's food. Cleveland's poor are still begging from door to door and foraging in garbage cans. Detroit's jobless sick must trust to God or nature if their illnesses require any but the cheapest drugs. Evictions have become a daily routine in Chicago. Distress and suffering are spreading like the plague.

For five weeks we have been touring industrial cities in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois—places where the recession hit the hardest. Everywhere unemployment is almost as great as during the blackest days of the depression, and relief loads are even heavier. One out of every six families in Pittsburgh either is receiving direct relief or is on the WPA; one out of five in Chicago; one out of four in Akron; more than one out of four in Detroit; one out of three in Cleveland; one out of two in Flint. Most of the cities and some of the states have plunged neck-deep into debt to provide even miserable handouts. Many communities are on the brink of default. Virtually none have funds to last longer than the next few months.

Food, clothing, and shelter budgets for families receiving direct relief have been lopped so drastically and so generally that it is impossible to measure the results in human suffering. After the first few days of traveling through "dole slums," we came to expect that children six, seven, and eight years old would have legs as spindly as the starving Armenians for whom we used to contribute our pennies. Regional WPA officials estimate that in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois budgets have been slashed on the average 20 to 50 per cent. And that cut has been made since the start of the recession, when "economy" had already lowered relief standards below the level of adequacy set by private charities.

Wilfred S. Reynolds, director of the Council of Social Agencies in Chicago, estimates the city's standard relief budget to be 15 per cent below his agency's definition of adequacy. In the last six months that already inadequate budget has been reduced by something like half. Even now, with fresh funds appropriated by the special session of the legislature in May, there is no allotment for electricity or gas. Food allotments have been maintained at "par," but those getting aid must do their purchasing in daily dribbles, for ice is not included. Medical care is furnished "when required," half-rent "when necessary." The "when required" generally means in an emergency; the "when necessary" could be translated "when evicted."

Chicago, like many other cities, has adopted the in-

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triguing policy of letting rent payments run behind until the landlord's patience is exhausted and the family evicted. Only when the client comes into the district office with a court order to move in forty-eight hours will relief authorities give him a month's rent for a new flat. Housing conditions of relief families are indescribable. Some landlords refuse to rent to persons without a job. Those who accept them generally offer lodgings that no regular rent-payer would take. Joel D. Hunter, head of Chicago's United Charities, told us of one house into which sixteen Negro families had moved. Separated by beaverboards, sixty persons lived in that one-family dwelling, some of the smaller children sleeping in wardrobe drawers.

Leo Hart, an organizer for the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee in South Chicago, said hardly a day passed without some union member being put out on the street. As many non-unionists must be behind in rent. Hart took us to see Louis Carillo, a steel worker, who had been evicted a week before with his eight children. The Carillos had found temporary lodgings in a friend's home. We entered through a smelly alley and a yard formed of cinder dumpings and rubbish. The Illinois Central tracks ran beside the house; across the tracks was a bookie establishment. Carillo's furniture was still in the truck. In the driver's seat, sprawled over two pillows, without sheets, was one of the Carillo children. That driver's seat was the boy's bed at night.

Carillo is a Mexican who came to Chicago in 1924. We found him wearing a battered hat, soiled shirt, torn trousers, and suspenders with one snapper gone. He hadn't shaved for two days, and the graying tips of his whiskers stood out against his dark skin. He spoke with an accent. "I jus' found myself a shack. I'll move later today. I bin stayin' here as long as I could get away with it. This my first time bin evicted. My girl got sick in 1936—her lungs," he went on. "We took her to the hospital. It did her good! Then, they told me they didn't have enough money to keep her. We had to take her home. It was cold in our house. She got worse." Carillo's thirteen-year-old daughter was spared the ordeal of the eviction, though. She died last May.

It is a mistake to think that the Illinois legislature solved Chicago's relief ills. It is even more of an error to speak of the relief crises of cities like Cleveland, Toledo, Dayton, and Columbus in the past tense. The law passed by the Ohio Assembly will go about as far in meeting the relief problems of these and other Ohio cities as a cup of coffee and a flop for the night would go in making a new man out of a panhandler. These cities already are several million dollars in the red. All the new law does is allow them to go deeper into debt by mortgaging tax receipts for the next three years. When we left Cleveland late in June enough money had been scraped together for food orders for ten days. Last week a relief worker whom we had befriended there wrote us in Chicago. "Things remain in the same general state as in June. The city has borrowed some money from the bankers. Four-day orders are being issued but only for the most urgent cases. The others beg and forage as they did in the spring."

Relief Administrator Frank E. Bubna described conditions in Cleveland as "about the same as in the worst part of the depression, if anything a little worse." Cleveland's movie houses are crowded; its ball park is packed. But for weeks the authorities were unable even to provide milk for needy children, and the WPA's supplies of skimmed milk, dried beans, flour, and vegetables were all the poor had to eat. It was the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation that made good Mayor Harold Burton's promise that "no one will starve." The WPA has stretched its definition of "employable" so that every man who can so much as hold a tool and sign a time-sheet has been certified. WPA rolls have leaped from 20,000 last fall to almost 75,000 in mid-July. Only about 18,000 families are on direct relief, fewer than the city has cared for at any other time since the crash. Cleveland's total industrial pay roll has been estimated as around $2,600,000 a week. The WPA is spending upward of $1,250,000 weekly.

What the WPA has done in Cleveland it is doing throughout this area on a smaller scale. Hundreds of cities have taken advantage of surplus commodities and the clothing turned out at WPA sewing centers to restrict direct relief grants. In Chicago many a relief recipient sits at home staring at his toes because the WPA can't fit him with shoes and the city relief administration won't. WPA nursery kitchens in Akron have learned to cook double portions on Mondays, the children return so hungry after a week-end at home. In Flint, where schools had to be closed early in May, the WPA has multiplied the number on its rolls almost ten times since December 8. In Pontiac, in that same period, WPA employment has increased more than nine times; in Gary, Indiana, three times; throughout Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois about twice. You can talk of boondoggling and shovel-leaning, but if it were not for the WPA many a city in this area would now be boarded up, its bonds defaulted, its relief stations closed, its people starving.

Even with Uncle Sam bearing more than his share of the load, cities and states have been sorely pressed to do their part. The Illinois Emergency Relief Commission estimates that only about 80 per cent of the state's relief needs are being met; before the May special session it was only about 50 per cent. In the first year of the recession 370 Illinois townships went more than $3,000,000 in debt trying to maintain relief standards. Such deficits have since been forbidden by the legislature. Communities now have the alternative of floating bonds or

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"balancing the budget" by relief slashes. A few, like Rockford, are planning bond issues. Most of the cities are cutting relief.

The state of Indiana thus far has turned a deaf ear to the pleas of hard-hit communities. Ohio cities are expected to exhaust their fresh borrowings before long—perhaps in the fall, perhaps not until after election. But the most immediate relief crisis is brewing in Michigan. Detroit grocers, holding more than $1,000,000 of unpaid food orders, have told the city to "pay up or else." For months the automobile capital has been unable to meet medical, dental, and nursing relief bills. In the middle of July Flint reduced its direct-relief food budgets 10 per cent. Incidentals like clothing, rent, and utilities had been eliminated months before. A few days later Shiawassee County, which borders on Flint, shut its relief stations "until August funds are available." Despite the eagerness with which they are seeking WPA help, many cities can't even raise their sponsor's share for WPA projects.

In Detroit we sat in at a grievance conference with WPA and United Automobile Workers' representatives. One automobile worker on WPA was insistent on being reclassified from an unskilled laborer to a landscaper. In great detail and with much fervor he explained how he did all the work a landscaper did—dug holes, planted trees, pruned the shrubs. After the conference we asked him why he was so anxious to be reclassified. "You know I may never get back into the auto industry," he replied. "I may be on WPA for an awful long time. A man likes to make a better job for himself wherever he is."

It sounds funny—the idea of working up in the WPA. Yes, it sounds funny until you sense the tragedy of those, not one man but thousands, who have nothing better to look forward to than a career on relief. In ten years more men may be employed in the automobile factories than now, but thousands of today's automobile workers will never regain their jobs. Of 600,000 men employed in the steel industry last summer at least 100,000, according to the estimate of Clinton S. Golden, Pittsburgh regional director of the S. W. O. C., are out for good because of the introduction of continuous hot-strip mills. In South Chicago we were told of a process Carnegie-Illinois has developed which will displace more than half of the company's "chippers"—perhaps 2,000 men. Louis Carillo is a "chipper" and he's growing old. The odds are he'll be one of the 2,000.

Even bleaker are the prospects of southern Illinois miners and Akron rubber workers. Throughout Franklin, Williamson, and Saline counties slag piles mark the abandoned mines. Entire communities are on the dole—Johnson City, for example, where the last operating mine was flooded several years ago. Seventy per cent of Williamson County's mining population are receiving relief. One relief official told us that if two-thirds of the miners in the area could be evacuated, the remaining one-third would have partial, seasonal employment—when industry boomed. As it is, 100,000 families are stranded in a common poverty. Ironically the relief they are getting discourages them from moving on (though where would they go?) and is miring them deeper in their ghost cities.

Akron relief officials estimate that 12,000 rubber workers—with their dependents, 50,000 persons—will never return to the factories. Fearing that a general rubber strike might tie up operations, the automobile manufacturers have forced the "Big Three"—Goodyear, Firestone, and Goodrich—to shift some of their plants. Mechanization and the unemployment-insurance laws are doing the rest. To avoid the insurance penalties on employers with large labor turnovers, companies are staggering employment, permanently squeezing out thousands of laborers. Even United Rubber Workers officials seem reconciled to the situation. Virtually all these stranded families were brought in from the South—cheap, strong labor—when rubber was booming. Today Akron citizens are grumbling, "Why don't they go back where they came from?"

Unemployment and relief obviously are permanent problems. But still state legislatures won't admit it. The Ohio General Assembly, dominated by the rural members, has persistently refused to allot relief funds for more than six months in advance. Rural prejudices have been fanned by Governor Martin L. Davey and a powerful business lobby, the Inter-Organization Conference. Ohio's cities can solve their relief problems only by obtaining the power to raise funds through taxes. The sole purpose of the Inter-Organization Conference has been to defeat any and all tax proposals. Since 1935, when the conference was set up, no new tax laws have been enacted. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association, which has fought relief appropriations as consistently, seems animated by the same type of reasoning. At a conference called by Governor Henry Horner to discuss the need for a special session last spring, a representative of the association heatedly argued: "We can't keep feeding these bums forever."

Nine years of depression and widespread unemployment, five years of relief administration by government agencies, and still there isn't a city in this entire area that has anything resembling a sound relief policy! The mental bankruptcy of public officials is evidenced by their frantic "purges." Cleveland hired a private agency to make "credit investigations" of sample relief clients at $3 a head, only to net "savings" that weren't sufficient to meet the investigators' bills. In Cincinnati relief authorities abruptly dropped all clients and had them reapply. Perhaps they hoped some of the needy would lose the address of relief headquarters in the shuffle.

Illinois is administering its relief program in truly

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medieval fashion through townships. The townships raise their own funds, set their own standards. There are more than 1,400 of them—townships and standards. Relief taxes are levied on real property, which means that the richer townships can do without state assistance, while the poorer communities, where the need is greatest, collect so little that even with state aid essential items have to be restricted.

Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio have no income tax. Instead of financing their relief programs in this way, they have resorted to sales taxes—levies which take their toll even out of relief checks.

Millions of dollars are being spent on relief—expenditures have soared to a new high and still are mounting—but to no one's satisfaction: not to those on relief, who are getting barely enough to keep them alive; not to officials administering relief, who are powerless to stop the deterioration, physical, mental, and moral, that is going on among relief clients; not to the taxpayer, who wonders where it will all end and what lasting good is being accomplished. And all because the country refuses to recognize that relief is a permanent problem, that bare subsistence handouts cannot take the place of rehabilitation.

Czech Suicide—London's Solution

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, August 11

HITLER has scored again, thanks to his faithful friend, Neville Chamberlain. Lord Runciman has been to Prague to try to persuade the Czechoslovaks to commit national suicide by yielding to the demands of the Sudeten Germans, that is to say, of Hitler. This, of course, is not the view of the matter presented to a gullible public by a docile press in England and France. On the contrary, Runciman's mission is hailed as a great contribution to a just and peaceful settlement of the Sudeten German question. So far as I have seen, only three papers in England—the Manchester *Guardian,* the *News-Chronicle,* and the *Daily Herald*—and two in Paris—*l'Ordre* and *l'Humanité*—have struck a discordant note. These two Paris papers are poles apart in politics, but Emile Buré, editor of the Nationalist *Ordre,* and Gabriel Péri, foreign editor of the Communist *Humanité,* are men of great intelligence, who know what is going on behind the scenes and have the courage to face realities, however unpleasant they may be. On international questions they are usually, as in the present case, substantially in agreement with each other and with Pertinax, who had two remarkable articles on the subject—one in *l'Ordre* and one in the current *l'Europe Nouvelle.*

It was in the *l'Europe Nouvelle* article that Pertinax revealed for the first time the origin of Runciman's mission, which was imposed by the British government both on France and on Czechoslovakia. About the middle of June a note from the London Foreign Office was received in Paris proposing the dispatch of a British mediator to Prague. The French government objected on the ground that such a course would only encourage Henlein and his friends to be even more exacting in their demands. Nevertheless, Chamberlain decided to send Runciman, and on July 20 Halifax in Paris simply informed Daladier and Bonnet of what amounted to a *fait accompli.* Instructions had been sent the day before to Sir Basil Newton, the British minister to Czechoslovakia, to see Benes personally and inform him of the decision to send Runciman. If Benes had refused to take part in the arrangement his published refusal would have ranged British public opinion against Czechoslovakia and made French support of Czechoslovakia difficult. From that moment the "primary fact" in the situation was no longer the declaration of the French government that it would execute all its obligations under the treaty of alliance of 1925 with Czechoslovakia, but Runciman's expected report. His recommendations—unless they patently involve the disruption of the Czechoslovak state—will impose themselves on the Czechs with almost irresistible force.

Pertinax with his habitual perspicacity sees through the mist of official optimism. Once more a French government has capitulated to British pressure and sacrificed the interests of France, Czechoslovakia, and Europe. During the crisis of May 20-21 the French government for once took the lead instead of waiting for a lead from London. It is true that the Czechoslovak government forced Daladier's hands by mobilizing. When Daladier threatened to mobilize in his turn, Chamberlain was obliged to act in accordance with the undertaking that he had given to Daladier and Bonnet during their conversations in London at the end of April. The British action in Berlin was successful, and Hitler abandoned his intended invasion of Czechoslovakia. One would have thought that Chamberlain would have been encouraged by this success to maintain a firm attitude toward Germany. Not a bit of it. The action that Chamberlain was obliged to take on May 21 was naturally resented both in Berlin and in Rome and compromised Chamberlain's agreement with Italy and his policy of an understanding

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with the fascist powers. He was determined never to be put in the same position again.

Early in July the British and French governments had information about military measures in Germany that looked like preparation for an attack on Czechoslovakia in August. The situation was similar to that in May, but it was not dealt with in the same way. It is probable that Hitler wished again to test the willingness of the British government to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia. At any rate he sent Wiedemann to London on the eve of the royal visit to Paris for the purpose of initiating Anglo-German negotiations. Exactly what Wiedemann said to Halifax we do not know, but it is likely that he gave on Hitler's behalf an assurance that Germany would not use force against Czechoslovakia in August if the British government would bring pressure on the Czechoslovak government to make further concessions to the demands of the Sudeten German Nazis. Immediately after Wiedemann's conversation with Halifax the German Ambassador to London, before leaving for Germany on vacation, saw Chamberlain—Halifax being already in Paris—and according to an official communiqué issued after the conversation, Chamberlain gave him "certain assurances" to the effect that the British government was exercising a restraining influence on the Czechoslovak government.

No such influence is needed, for the Czechoslovak government has already gone to the extreme limit of concessions, if not beyond it. For a long time past the British and French governments have been bringing pressure on the Czechs to make concessions, but they have brought no pressure on Hitler and the Sudeten Germans to make concessions by modifying their demands, which, if granted, would mean the end of Czechoslovakia as an independent sovereign state.

The demands of the Sudeten Germans were set forth by Henlein in his speech at Karlsbad on April 24. They were so extreme that when he went to London soon afterward and stated the claims of the Sudeten Germans with great moderation, he was asked by Churchill and others whom he saw how he reconciled his statement with his Karlsbad speech. Henlein replied that the speech was made for tactical reasons and was not to be taken literally and that the real demands of the Sudeten Germans were, as he had explained, quite reasonable. On July 7, at the request of the Czechoslovak government, the Sudeten German Party submitted a memorandum in which its demands were stated in fourteen points. The memorandum contained all the demands made at Karlsbad by Henlein on April 24. This procedure is characteristic of the methods adopted by Germany. In London the German government breathes peace and reconciliation, in Germany it makes military preparations for attacking Czechoslovakia if necessary, and in Prague it takes an uncompromising and menacing attitude.

One of the demands made in the memorandum of July 7, which has been declared by the whole German press to be essential, is clearly incompatible with the existence of the Czechoslovak state. Hitler demands through the Sudeten Germans that, in whatever part of Czechoslovakia they live, they should be grouped in a "national corporation," to which they will be forced to belong whether they like it or not. This corporate body would have complete jurisdiction over all German citizens of Czechoslovakia, who would have no rights except such as the corporate body chose to give them and no redress against intolerance and persecution. The corporation would be under the control of a "Führer" and would in effect be a Nazi state inside the Czechoslovak state. The Sudeten Germans propose that all the national minorities should be organized in the same way, including the Slovaks, who refuse to be considered a national minority.

Thus what the Sudeten Nazis, at Hitler's instigation, demand is not provincial autonomy but racial autonomy, which cannot be realized territorially because the districts in which Germans predominate have a mixed population and are separated from one another by predominantly Czech districts. Nevertheless, the Sudeten memorandum of July 7 implicitly claims the whole of northern Bohemia, where the Czech minority is very large. This system has no resemblance to the Swiss system, about which we have heard so much from the Sudeten Germans and their partisans in other countries. On the other hand, the proverbial autonomy proposed by the Czechoslovak government, which the memorandum of July 7 rejects, does resemble the Swiss system. The proposed provincial diets would have much the same legislative powers as the parliaments of the Swiss cantons, and the National Assembly, the central parliament, would be left with little more than questions of finance, foreign policy, and national defense. Moreover, within the provincial diets, there are to be sectional units of the large racial groups to control matters that concern only their own people.

According to the Hitler-Henlein system, Czechoslovakia would be divided into five racial groups or corporations, each of which would have a national diet and a national cabinet. The deputies in each group would choose a Führer, who would be ex officio a member of the Czechoslovak Cabinet, which would not be responsible to the National Assembly. Thus the Sudeten German, Hungarian, and Polish groups, composing about one-third of the population of the country, would have more representatives in the Cabinet than the Czech and Slovak groups, composing about two-thirds. Such a system would mean the end of democracy and representative government and the disintegration of the Czechoslovak state; and that is the aim of its authors.

On this point, which is the crucial one, there can be no compromise. Hitherto the principle of the British and French governments has been that the Czechoslovak government should make every possible concession that

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would not endanger the existence of the democratic Czechoslovak state. By sending Runciman to Prague they have in effect abandoned that principle, for what purpose can his visit serve if not that of bringing pressure on the Czechoslovak government to make concessions on this vital point? If, before sending him, they had told Hitler and the Sudeten Nazis that the demand for racial autonomy could not even be discussed, the demand might have been abandoned.

Neville Chamberlain's opinion on the Sudeten German question is known. He told the American journalists who met him at Lady Astor's famous luncheon party that he was in favor of a modification of the frontier between Germany and Czechoslovakia by the annexation to Germany of the Czechoslovak territory near the frontier in which Germans are the majority. It would be a pleasing prospect for the Czech minority, to say nothing of the Germans opposed to Hitlerism, who are more numerous than is generally supposed and are already the victims of intimidation and persecution. Moreover, it would leave Czechoslovakia with a frontier strategically indefensible. One of Chamberlain's ideas is the neutralization of Czechoslovakia, which would thus be obliged to abandon the alliance with France and the pact with Russia and the Little Entente and would become an easy prey for Germany. In short, Chamberlain wishes to sacrifice Czechoslovakia to get an understanding with Germany.

He is now almost in the position of a dictator so far as foreign policy is concerned. In everything but name he is Foreign Secretary. Halifax's real position is that of an Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Behind and through Chamberlain the Cliveden group directs British foreign policy. The Chief Diplomatic Adviser of the government, Sir Robert Vansittart, who is strongly opposed to Chamberlain's policy, is entirely set aside. Lady Astor has more influence on foreign policy than he has. Even the Foreign Office is hardly consulted

It must indeed be clear to most people that if Hitler gets hold of Czechoslovakia he will be the master of Central Europe. Hungary will inevitably come under his control, and it will be easy for him to dominate the Baltic States, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Ultimately he will reach the Dardanelles, and then British interests will be seriously and directly threatened. Czechoslovakia is the key position. And we are being told by supporters of Runciman's mission that the most that can be hoped from it is a provisional arrangement which will postpone a German attack on Czechoslovakia until the spring. To such shifts is the diplomacy of the great Western democracies reduced.

Germany Shocked Me

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

THE black tide of anti-Semitism sweeps east and south; Nazi Vienna now vies with Berlin in terrorizing and persecuting its native citizens who happen to be Jews. According to Vincent Sheean, no fewer than 20,000 Jews have been arrested and placed in concentration camps since the Nazis vaulted into the Austrian saddle five months ago. Their property has been confiscated, their persons subjected to the grossest physical indignities. But to one already familiar with the extremes to which anti-Semitic fury can go, the Austrian situation presents nothing new or different. It is merely another chapter in the book of horror that is being written today in Middle Europe.

Unless one has been an eyewitness of the atrocities inflicted upon the Jewish population of Germany and Austria it is almost impossible to realize the extent and violence of Nazi persecution. An entire race is being broken by methodical torture, perpetrated not by isolated individuals but by the state itself. Never in modern times has a sovereign power bent itself so savagely upon the extinction of its own inhabitants, or so deliberately transgressed every tradition of culture and humanity.

I cannot undertake to explain these transgressions; I merely wish to set down some of the shocking incidents which took place in Germany during my ambassadorship. Many of these atrocities came to my personal attention; some have documentary support, while others were gathered from unimpeachable sources. Altogether the catalogue is a striking example of the extremes to which mass hysteria and blood-hungry official propaganda can drive a people.

The keynote to the whirlwind of persecution which now thunders over Mittel Europa is struck by Julius Streicher's newspaper the *Stürmer*. Across the front page of this journal snarls a fixed headline, THE JEWS ARE OUR DESTRUCTION. Beneath this sensational streamer the news columns reek with stories of atrocious Jew-baiting, ranging from the castration of a Jewish clerk who sought to "defile" the Aryan race* by marrying a Christian girl to the latest arrests of prominent Jewish scientists and scholars. This journal fairly spits

* An Aryan is defined as a person who has had no Jewish ancestor since January 1, 1800. If such an ancestor is discovered, the Jew loses his citizenship and may not marry an Aryan or employ Aryan help.

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Judenhass (Jew-hatred). At the bottom of the page streams a huge banner in blood-colored ink, THE JEWS ARE OUR MISFORTUNE. Everyone who opposes or dissents from the Nazi program, every class or creed that nurses a dream of liberty, is labeled a Jew or a "tool of international Jewry." Streicher sneers at our Western democracy as "Jewish decadence." According to him the Dawes plan was a Jewish plot; Dawes's real name is Davidsohn. Because J. P. Morgan helped finance Germany's enemies his name is "proved to be Morgenstern." Streicher has even demonstrated that the Pope is a Jew and that his real name is Finkelstein.

In every German city today the Jew is a defenseless target of abuse. Large signs hang in cafe and shop windows—"Only traitors talk or deal with Jews"; "Jews visit this place at the risk of their lives"; "Israel, there is no room for you here." Last year during the height of anti-Semitic fury storm troopers marched into cafes, seized Jews on no pretext, and dragged them through the streets to jail. Aged men were beaten by mobs, their beards torn and defiled. One Jewish lady of high social position was dragged from her limousine, given a brush and a pail of water, and forced to scrub the streets, "in order to demonstrate to the world that no Jew is beyond the power of the German government." Jews are thrown from moving trains, are whipped or shot down in front of their children, and are molested with taunts and physical violence when they appear on the streets. One Jewish friend of mine told me that he prays for drenching rains so that he can go unannoyed on outside errands.

District leaders of the Nazi Party now have authority to rule over the Jews in their area. In the exercise of this power they frequently summon Jewish men and women of all ages to police headquarters for questioning and search. The "questioning" is accompanied by brutal physical beatings; the "search" is a pretext for stripping the Jews of whatever money or valuables they may have on their person. While awaiting their ordeal they are ordered to stand facing a blank wall for hours at a time, often until they collapse. For the slightest "offense"—such as speaking to Aryans or "touching food that an Aryan afterward ate"—they are heavily fined or imprisoned.

The courts offer little or no redress; one merchant whose store was looted of goods to the value of 1,600 marks by storm troopers was given a verdict of 12 pfennigs. In Magdeburg a Jewish youth was sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for inviting an Aryan girl to a motion-picture show. The court found that he had "too closely approached the honor of this young maiden." A Jewish lawyer seeking refuge in a police station from his attackers was forced to walk barefooted and trouserless through the streets of Breslau bearing a placard, "I will never ask for police protection again." It was in protest against this type of atrocity that Stefan Lux, exiled Jewish writer, shot himself before the League of Nations Assembly in 1936.

If the persecutions were confined to persons who might conceivably be dangerous to the Hitler regime, some measure of justification might be found. But the Nazis do not require such justification; no child, no aged or infirm person is spared. On April 22, 1937, the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) evicted hundreds of inmates from thirty-three Jewish orphanages, sanatoriums, and homes for the aged; these institutions were all supported by the B'nai B'rith, a Jewish fraternal society. The evictions were a prelude to the confiscation of the B'nai B'rith properties and the "suppression" of the society. The suddenness of the evictions caught the Jewish community by surprise; several hundred children were turned into the streets utterly homeless. Two hundred aged Jews who had contracted with the fraternal order for support during the rest of their lives were reduced to a condition of wandering beggary. At about the same time 250 Jewish working girls were ousted from the Krugerheim Home, which was taken over for sleeping quarters for storm troopers; no provision was made for the evicted young women.

Ghetto benches, painted yellow, are placed in parks all over Germany "for the use of Jews only." In the public schools only the children of Jewish war veterans are allowed to attend; these children also sit on ghetto benches and are shamefully addressed only as "Du, Jude" (You, Jew). Today, by law, no Jew can send his child to the university; all the learned professions are closed to Jews. German music teachers are forbidden to instruct Jewish students by a decree of the Reich Music Chamber; the purpose is to prevent Jewish competition in the musical profession. Mendelssohn's time-honored incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is barred because of the composer's Jewish blood. Theo Knobel, a Nazi composer, has written substitute music, which will henceforth supplant Mendelssohn's throughout Germany. Books of Jewish writers are burned in public bonfires. Hundreds of world-famous scientists and artists are in exile.

In provincial towns of Germany and Poland the shops and homes of Jews are stoned, robbed, and burned. Their children are emaciated by hunger. These persons are wholly dependent upon money received from relatives or friends in America; yet unless rigid technicalities are observed in the transmission of such funds the amount actually obtained by the recipient is greatly reduced.

A far-flung and systematic drive is being made to exterminate Jewish merchants. This drive, sometimes called the "cold pogrom," is less spectacular but much more effective than the sporadic attacks upon individual Jews. It carries the force of law and frankly aims to drive Jewish business men from the Reich. In Nürnberg signs are posted in front of every Jewish store: "The Jew

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agitates for a boycott. He will have it. Whoever still puts his foot in a Jewish shop, whoever still carries one pfennig into a Jewish store, proves that he is no National Socialist; he is no decent German but only a Jewish knave." Bank deposits of Jewish merchants amounting to $500,000 were confiscated last November by the Danzig police, with the explanation that it was done to prevent the flight of Jewish capital abroad.

Der Führer

Another device of the cold pogrom is the "tax examination." Since the amount of business done is subject to tax, Nazi agents are empowered to enter a business and examine it. This process may easily last several weeks or months, during which time the merchandise lots under "inspection" are not permitted to be moved, sold, or altered in any way. If a business is "examined" long enough, the merchant can be ruined.

Trains to the border are packed with fugitive Jews, who must pay a "flight tax." In everyday practice these fugitives are taken to police headquarters en masse and searched to the skin for contraband currency. Nazi searchers at the former Austrian border claimed a haul of 20,000,000 schillings in one day.

Refugee Jews who have expressed opposition to the regime in Germany are not safe even in the asylum of another country. Professor Theodore Lessing of Hanover, one of the outstanding philosophers and pacifists of Germany, took refuge in Czechoslovakia. He was hunted down and murdered by Nazis, who thus violated one of the most sacred principles of public law and morality—the right of a state to grant asylum. In 1935 one Rudolf Formys, a radio official, fled to Prague; the Nazis placed a price upon his head, attempted five times to abduct him, and finally shot him dead.

Nazi persecutions reached a peak of horror in April of this year when fifty-one Austrian Jews were abandoned by Brown Shirts on a narrow breakwater in the Danube River without food, money, or identification. After a frightful ordeal of exposure they were picked up by a Czechoslovakian patrol and brought ashore, but their troubles then began all over. The Czechoslovakian authorities would not permit them to remain in the country and drove them across the border into Hungary. Here they were hunted like wild beasts and finally seized by Hungarian soldiers, who promptly thrust them back upon Austrian territory. Again they were arrested and flung into prison, having been hounded through three countries in their vain attempt to escape from relentless persecution.

When Hitler came to power there were only about 500,000 Jews in Germany, less than 1 per cent of the population. Of this number nearly 100,000 had fought in the World War; 12,000 Jews were killed in the war, and 35,000 were decorated for bravery; in the face of Junker military traditions, 2,000 Jews won their way to being commissioned officers. Baron Mannfried von Richthofen, famed "Red Knight of Germany," leader of the Flying Circus and Goering's predecessor as prime ace of Germany, had Jewish blood in his veins. I mention these facts to prove that there is no basis for the Nazi claim that Jews are a race of unpatriotic traitors. Nor are they "overwhelming" the Aryan element. Today there are less than 400,000 Jews in Germany. The persecutions to which this unfortunate people is subjected have no basis in logic or necessity; yet they continue in crescendo.

Naturally the American people ask, "What is the cause and meaning of these persecutions?" In other countries and in other centuries alien Jews, like other foreigners, have been the object of a certain amount of distrust. But the German Jews are not foreigners; they have lived in Germany for hundreds of years. The fact is that anti-Semitism in Germany today is not a rational movement; nor has it the unanimous consent of the German people. Anti-Semitism is a program instigated by the National Socialist government and carried on by the most powerful propaganda machine I have ever witnessed in action.

Minister of Propaganda Goebbels

It all stems from Hitler himself and from the philosophy explicitly stated in his book, "Mein Kampf." Hitler saw a prostrate and humiliated post-war Germany, bewildered by defeat. With a debt of 156 billion marks and regular payments demanded by France under threat of military occupation, Germany needed an internal scapegoat to drain off thwarted nationalistic emotions. Hitler tossed in the oldest political trump card, the Jews. He revived the old ghetto hatreds, long-smoldering and almost extinguished, and used *Judenhass* both as a lubricant and a fuel for his Nazi machine. He predicts that by 1950 no Jew will be living within the boundaries of Germany, that they all will have been killed or driven into exile.

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Ave Atque Vale!

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THE *Gazette,* after fifty-two years of independent, crusading journalism, sold out. You might say, with justice, that it paid a terrific price for sentimentality. It was a *Gazette* tradition that nobody, in the editorial or business department, ever had been fired. It was the only paper in town that guaranteed the jobs of men who left the paper to enter the war—the Spanish-American War, and the World War. It did more than that. It paid the difference between the soldier's pay and the staff-man's salary. Prosperity was the *Gazette's* for fifty years; it was sincerely independent, and advertisers needed it even more than the *Gazette* needed them. It weathered the depression of 1929; and no cuts came, and nobody was fired.

Now, it so happened that the business office was peopled with dozens of old gentlemen; men who had been hired by Benjamin Wetherell himself, who had made the *Gazette* soar from the puny thing it was when he bought it in 1882 to the glorious heritage it was at his death in 1920.

The momentum of success or failure in a newspaper is a terrific force. A paper deservedly popular and successful may suddenly become unworthy of popularity and success; it takes years before the public, habituated to a paper it likes, becomes conscious that the clay of its idol's feet has permeated the whole body; just as, when a paper, long unpopular and unsuccessful, takes a sudden turn toward high standards of independent excellence, it takes years for the public to take it to its purchasing bosom.

The *Gazette,* then, developed business-office paralysis first; long accustomed to advertisers who begged for space, it was hard—it was impossible—for the relics of the easy prosperity of a dozen and more years ago to go after business. If it didn't surge in, something was the matter with business and business men. And it surged out, in droves. And the business office grew trembly when, for the first time, the expense exceeded the income. So—it couldn't do anything to the unionized composing room—editors and reporters, especially if hired since the Old Man's death, took salary slashes or got fired. The standards of the paper drooped; the advertising fell to a pitiful shadow. And then an enterprising young publisher offered to buy the name and the good-will—for three years after its toboggan the reading public, unaware or incredulous or hopeful, continued; circulation was almost normal, even at the end. The night the *Gazette* died was unforgettable; weeping there was, not only among the staff but all over town, for the paper had the admiration and affection of the whole nation.

Suddenly hundreds of men were out of work—reporters, editors, advertising solicitors, printers. Among those suddenly unemployed was Robert Bannerman, as uncompromising a critic of the stage as he was the ablest, soundest, and most entertaining writer among the critics. Yet, because of or in spite of this excellence, none was so poor to do him the reverence of offering him a job. All the papers had their critics; and monstrously unfair as newspapers often are, they seldom fire a competent department man in order to hire a conspicuously abler man. But when all looked darkest for Bannerman, James Spencer, the *Courier's* critic, youngest of the aisle-seaters, was killed by a taxi as he was hurrying from the theater to the *Courier* office. It so happened that before Bannerman joined the *Gazette* staff he had been successively reporter, editorial writer, and dramatic critic for the *Courier.* Fourteen years he had worked for the *Courier* when he left it, eighteen years before, for the larger wage the *Gazette* offered. When the *Gazette* folded, he went to see his first boss, the *Courier's* editor. Nothing in his line. Copy desk? Reporting? No, the staff was full up, but if anything turned up, etc. Bannerman, for thirty-two years, had heard editors tell aspirants that, and he couldn't remember that anybody ever had been let know.

And yet, in less than a week, here was Bannerman being let know. Let know by telephone. Spencer had stepped in front of a cab, rushing to the office from the theater, dashing out as the curtain was about to fall.

So Bannerman got the job, his old job. Elated at re-employment after his first panicky week of fear, he said nothing about salary. In fact, he arrived at the office at eight o'clock in the evening, saw the managing editor, who said, "Welcome home, Bob. Go over and cover the 'Why Not?' opening. We have a new deadline: 11:50 for the second edition." So Bannerman slipped into the well-known groove; he wrote his review, an excellent one, and at a little after midnight, after greeting some of his old friends on the city staff, went home, happy.

Next morning he went to the *Courier* office at ten. He went to see the editor-in-chief, Edgar Allen, an old friend. "Welcome home, Bob," he said. "Your stuff is better than ever." "Thanks, Ed. It's wonderful to be back again." "Now about salary," began Allen, "of course, you know the depression hit us pretty hard."

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"I know it must have," said Bannerman, "it put the *Gazette* out of business, and lots of good men out of jobs." "So," said Allen, "naturally, you've been in the game long enough to know that, we can't pay what you're used to. We'll pay you what you were getting when you left." "But, Ed," said Bannerman, "Spencer got three times that, I know." "He was with us eighteen years," said Allen, "and he would have had to take a big cut at the expiration of his contract. We aren't making any more contracts right now," he added quickly. "Who knows what's going to happen in Washington? So go on and get out a Sunday piece. Might stick in something about how much Spencer'll be missed in the theater, and so on. O. K.? Of course, if things get better you'll benefit with the rest of us."

Bannerman had been in the newspaper business too long to begin doing anything else; he was nearly sixty. So he said, "O. K., Ed." And, on an old typewriter in the city room he wrote 1,500 words on the current stage offerings, including a tribute to his much-respected and loved predecessor. His stuff, as Allen said, never had been better; it improved.

The Bannermans, with an income reduced to a third, moved to a cheaper apartment. The three children were married; two were not liabilities, but Bannerman had always had to take care of Grace and her husband, who seemed never to get into a paying business. On the contrary, Bannerman in seven years had lent him $11,000, which he never would get back, and supported the couple.

Yet the *Courier* job was better than nothing, which had ghostily stared at him for an interminable week, and except for the money it was a happy and important job. But after a year of it Allen sent for him. "Bob," he said, "I told you that if things got better, we'd see that you'd be the first to benefit. Well, they're worse." "They're better in my department," said Bannerman. "I know that theater advertising has almost doubled in a year." "There has been a slight increase in that department," said Allen, "but it's the only one. And we've got to play ball together. Or else," said Allen; "we don't want to stand in your way if you think you can do better elsewhere." So Bannerman, disheartened at what he knew for injustice and despotism—for he knew that Allen knew that he couldn't get another dramatic job, regardless of his ability—took the 20 per cent cut offered. It took the lightness and the bite out of his stuff; for a strong sense of futility overcame him, knowing that for years his work had been not only brilliant but also conscientious. He tried not to let the "What's-the-use?" feeling affect his work; it did affect it.

"I'm afraid," said Allen, sending for him again, after a few preliminaries, "we'll have to make a change in the department. Some of the managers have been complaining, and I'm afraid your heart isn't in it any more." "Whose would be," he asked, "after being chiseled down to a measly salary? You folks ought to be ashamed to look me in the face." "See here, Bob, that's no way to talk," said Allen. "We gave you the job because we were sorry for you, and we're giving young Stevenson a try at it now. Of course, we'll see that you get a month's salary. Got your Sunday piece up?" "Yes," said Bannerman, and walked out, indignant, dejected. He had $20 in his pocket, his assets after thirty-two years of successful journalism. He went to Webb's, the saloon across the street, the meeting-place of the town's solvent, for a day at any rate, newspapermen. Six or seven men greeted him warmly. "Well, well," was the burden of their hails, "glad to see you, Bob. Don't remember ever seeing you in here. Drink?" So back and forth the treating went. Five hours later, with 75 cents in his pocket, and more drinks than he had had in the entire past decade, he took a cab home—50 cents, tip included.

It was past midnight; Mrs. Bannerman was asleep, she went to bed early on nights she didn't go to the theater with Bannerman. Bannerman sank into bed, drunk, tired, full of hatred for Allen, the *Courier,* the whole newspaper business that he had given his life to, as indeed it had given life to him; it was his life, and he looked at it, and it was no good.

At noon Mrs. Bannerman opened his door quietly, slowly. Still asleep. She closed the door, went to the kitchen and scrambled an egg for her lunch, washed the dish and the pan, and went back to the sleeper. Still asleep. "Robert," she called. She went to him and touched him gently. She shook him, first a little, then vigorously. No response. She felt his face; it was cold.

"Hello," said Mrs. Bannerman, "I want Mr. Edgar Allen, the editor." "He's in an editorial conference," said his secretary. "I don't care what he's in or out of," said Mrs. Bannerman, "tell him it's important news about Bob Bannerman." The switch to the conference room was made. "This is Mrs. Bannerman," she said. "Yes, Mrs. Bannerman," said Allen, dreading a talk with a woman whose husband had been fired. Usually he refused to talk to them. "And how are you?" "I'm just fine," she said. "Listen. Bob died in his sleep last night. He came in late, and I didn't see him till I found him. I thought you ought to know so as to get somebody to do the opening tonight."

"Thank you," said Allen, relieved, and feeling the guiltiest he had felt since he had been a boy. "Can we do anything? For you, I mean. You must know how we all feel, Mrs. Bannerman." But there was no response. Mrs. Bannerman, having done her duty as a reporter to her husband, had hung up.

Allen spoke to the other editorial writers. "Bob Bannerman died in his sleep last night. I'll tell the city desk to send somebody up to get a good obit. I'll do the editorial myself."

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Allen went to his office and closed the door. "Anybody telephones," he told his secretary in an adjacent cubicle, "I'm not in."

Allen worked a long time; he wrote in pencil and threw sheet after sheet away. He walked to the city room and by discreet inquiry learned that nobody but himself knew that Bannerman had lost his job. Allen, putting himself in Bannerman's place, knew that he wouldn't have told his wife, not while he still had a dollar.

After a considerable time Allen finished. Marking it "brev edit turn rule," he sent it to the composing room. Then he put on his hat, told Miss Bernard that he wouldn't be back, and went directly home. "You're home early," said Mrs. Allen. "I felt a little tired," said Allen.

And in next morning's *Courier* appeared:

ROBERT BANNERMAN

In the ineffably sad and untimely death of Robert Bannerman the *Courier* loses not only a close and warm friend but as loyal and unsparing an associate as any newspaper possibly could have. The *Courier* was Bob Bannerman's first and, as it turned out to be, his last love. Thirty-two years ago he came here as a reporter; he became, through sheer ability that often mounted to genius, dramatic critic, and save for a few years on the late *Gazette,* he was our dramatic critic to the end. When the *Gazette* came to an end, the *Courier* hailed him back home with joy, for the *Courier* was home to him.

As a critic there was nobody to approach him; in style, in the sanity of his views, and in the ripeness of his experience. He was held in deep affection by all his coworkers, and the stage—actors, playwrights, and managers—respected his critiques and enjoyed his light touch, though his deep sense of justice often caused him, so high were his standards, to be bitter.

A Bannermanless *Courier,* a Bannermanless first night, and a Bannermanless world are hard to imagine.

Bob, *ave atque vale!*

In the Wind

THE MAJOR oil companies are waging an undercover war against the cooperative filling stations which are doing business in Oakland, California. The success of similar cooperatives in the Middle West has spurred the attack; salesmen have told the operators that the oil magnates are determined to prevent such success in California. The Oakland operators were first urged to remove their "Co-op" signs. They were told: "If you take down the signs and run this thing as a private business we won't bother you." When they refused to yield, their source of supply was abruptly cut off, but they have thus far survived by means of a deal with one of the minor independents.

BRITISH FINANCIAL interests are privately alarmed over Nazi economic penetration in rebel Spain. A permanent German economic commission has been quietly established at Franco's headquarters—its influence is being exerted to squeeze out Italian financiers—and a Reichsbank commission is setting up a central bank in Burgos. Although British and other financial groups had previously expressed interest in this venture the Germans are now seeking to eliminate "foreign" participants from the project.

FROM SOURCES inside *Ken* come reports of growing reader protest against the disciplining of union employees and the suppression of Meyer Levin's film column because of his pro-labor attitude. The latest phase of this protest has especially angered the publishers: readers are tearing out subscription blanks from the magazine and sending in protests on them without the subscription fee. And *Ken* pays the postage.

A YEAR AGO the World Peace Conference was compelled to shift its annual congress from Geneva, the "City of Peace," to Brussels because of the Swiss government's hostility. Recently the conference encountered difficulty in obtaining permission to set up permanent headquarters at Geneva. But local Geneva officials are increasingly reluctant to echo the government's opposition to liberal and radical tenants. With "peace" at a low ebb Geneva apartments are being deserted, while the supply of apartments is increasing because French capitalists, fearing encroachments of the Popular Front, have invested money in Geneva real estate. Result: the Peace Conference has obtained quarters.

IN CIGAR-STORE windows throughout the nation signs have appeared offering rewards for the apprehension of those spreading "malicious rumors" against makers of Chesterfield cigarettes. Behind these rumors is the resurgence of a discredited racket—"whispering campaigns for sale." This time the campaign has whispered (1) that Chesterfield owners contribute to the Nazi cause; (2) that they do not hire Jewish employees; (3) that Walter Winchell and Boake Carter said so in their radio broadcasts. All three rumors are false; but they are spread at parties, in crowds, on subway platforms. Employees of a "whispering-campaign" agency drop the rumors; once under way, the drive is almost uncontrollable.

NOT WIDELY published but appearing in the Labor Charter for General Franco's government is this ambiguous pledge: "The minimum basis of payment for work shall be sufficient to provide the worker and his family with a worthy *moral* living." (Italics ours.)

FRITZ MANDL, Austrian arms magnate, who left Vienna with the Nazis' arrival, is in London launching a new arms ring with vast ramifications in Europe and South America. Administrative headquarters will be London; the center of production will be Argentina. And Prince Starhemberg, ex-leader of the Heimwehr, will head the European section of the venture.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A FRIEND who is as deeply distressed as I by the defeat for Congress of Maury Maverick begs me to urge in this column the need of proportional representation in Congressional elections. Since Mr. Maverick was defeated in a primary contest and not in a regular election, the principle of P. R. could not have been applied in his case, but I am convinced that if the regular Congressional elections were on the proportional-representation basis we should have a much juster and fairer election and a much more representative House.

I have not before me the figures for the 1934 election, but George H. Hallett, Jr., one of the secretaries of the National Municipal League, made a study of the 1932 Congressional elections which is extremely illuminating. In Indiana in 1930 the Democrats polled 53 per cent of the votes cast and elected nine representatives out of thirteen. In 1932 they polled 55 per cent, yet elected all twelve of the Congressmen to whom Indiana was then entitled. A change of 2 per cent in votes gave the Democrats a change of 31 per cent in this state's representation. There was no Republican in Congress to speak for the 45 per cent minority of Indiana Republicans. In West Virginia the result was similarly striking. There the Democrats polled just over 50 per cent of the votes in 1932 and elected only two of the six Congressmen. In 1934 they increased their vote by less than 4 per cent and yet elected the entire delegation. In Iowa a 14 per cent gain in Democratic votes resulted in a 58 per cent gain in representation. In Colorado the result was even more lopsided. There a Democratic gain of only 9 per cent brought about a gain of 75 per cent in Congress! As Mr. Hallett writes:

> It is of such stuff that the Democratic landslide was made. In 1930 and for several years previously the Democratic Party was underrepresented. Now suddenly it is overrepresented. It is well known, of course, that violent swings of the pendulum have characterized the majority system of election wherever it has been used.

Analyzing the 1932 election, in which 313 Democrats, 117 Republicans, and 5 representing other parties were chosen, Mr. Hallett shows that under proportional representation the voters would have chosen about 268 Democrats, 159 Republicans, and 8 representing other parties. That certainly would have been a much fairer House and would adequately have represented the minority parties. Today votes are in effect valueless unless they are cast for the majority candidates. As Mr. Hallett also points out:

> One and one-half million Republican votes in Pennsylvania elect twenty-three Congressmen, but the same number in Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Indiana elect none at all. Three-quarters of a million Democratic votes in New Jersey elect four Congressmen; half a million in North Carolina elect eleven. Because votes have such different values depending on where they are cast, the representation of the American people in their supreme legislative body becomes a veritable gamble. We cannot hope to have true representative government until we give all votes approximately equal value regardless of where they are polled, and this can only be accomplished through proportional representation.

I suppose Mr. Maverick could run independently—I have received letters expressing the hope that he may do this—but that would be a hopeless undertaking; the official candidate of the overwhelming majority would certainly be returned. If we had the British system of shifting candidates to any election district without regard to their place of residence, a wise party management would try to find a seat for Maury Maverick in some Democratic district in which the people had better judgment and were not affected by the charges of undue liberalism brought against him. Even in such a district the hostile influence of the American Federation of Labor would make itself felt against him. I was not aware when I wrote my article in the issue of July 23 that that influence had been so important and had been thrown against him so determinedly as to constitute another serious indictment of the federation leadership. Maury Maverick is one of the most valuable men that labor could have in Congress; he voted for every bill favoring labor that came to a vote in the House, and nothing could have been more shortsighted than to defeat him in his fight for reelection because he looked favorably upon the C. I. O.

I know there has been much criticism of P. R. in New York City because of the long delay in the counting of votes in the last election and the chicanery of which Tammany was accused during the counting. It must be remembered, however, that this was the first election of the kind ever held in New York City, and that the officials had had no experience with this new type of ballot. The machinery is bound to work more smoothly next time, and the officials will be on their guard against any further effort of Tammany to distort the result. The principle is sound and must not be abandoned because of the necessarily slow count.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Krupp Goes On Forever

BLOOD AND STEEL. THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF KRUPP. By Bernhard Menne. Lee Furman. $3.

DURING the spring of 1866 Prussia prepared the war against Austria which was to culminate in the battle of Königgrätz and bring about the exclusion of Austria from the German Empire. To make their victory certain the Prussian authorities gave a big order to the cannon factory of Krupp in Essen. Seventy-two years later, in the spring of 1938, the Prussian army again made war on Austria, and this time also the German army of invasion was equipped with Krupp guns.

Much has been changed in Germany during these seventy-two years, but Krupp has remained Krupp. The house of Krupp shared the splendor of imperial Germany, survived the revolution of 1918, and entered on a new period of formidable expansion when Hitler inaugurated the Third Reich. The eternal Krupp is perhaps the best symbol of the continuity of German big capitalism and profit-making nationalism during the last century.

Bernhard Menne, the author of "Blood and Steel," is a former employee of Krupp. He has made a careful study of the most important armament firm in Germany, and he proves that Krupp has always been a worthy member of the bloody international. During the spring of 1866 Austria as well as Prussia was compelled to buy armaments, and Krupp took orders from both German powers. On April 9, 1866, the Prussian Minister of War wrote a confidential letter to Krupp asking him to deliver no more guns to Austria without the approval of the Prussian government. Krupp answered that he could not give such a promise as it would involve a breach of contract. But he would notify the Prussian government of any future delivery of guns to Austria so that it could make its own arrangements for intercepting these guns. A wonderful little example of Krupp's business morality!

During the following generations Krupp's standards remained at the same high level. Before 1870, although a war between Prussia and France seemed imminent, Krupp offered his guns to the French army. Napoleon III did not give an order to Essen but as a friendly compensation he sent a French decoration, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, to the German industrialist. In the years before 1914, when tension between Germany and the Entente was growing, Krupp continued to do business with the English, Russians, and French. When the Great War began, the British artillery was equipped with the Krupp patent fuse, for which licenses were acquired by Vickers and other British armament firms. The English had to pay thirty cents to Krupp for every fuse. Menne shows how during the war British metal merchants indirectly sold iron ore, copper, and nickel to Krupp via Holland and Sweden. And at the same time Krupp sent many freight trains carrying high-grade steel to Switzerland, and from Switzerland the steel bars came to France. The American publishers of "Blood and Steel" declare that they have restored to the American edition of Menne's book all the passages which had been deleted "for reasons of policy" from the English edition!

In 1861 Prince William of Prussia, the future Emperor William I of Germany, visited Krupp's factory in Essen and praised the patriotic achievements of Herr Alfred Krupp. In 1936 Adolf Hitler, the Führer of Germany, came to Essen as a guest of Herr Krupp von Bohlen and inspected the biggest center of German rearmament. Readers of Menne's book will acquire from it a better understanding not only of the changes but also of the more constant elements in the German state.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Twentieth-Century Poetry

A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN POETRY. Edited by Selden Rodman. Random House. $3.

AN ANTHOLOGIST of contemporary verse must be primarily, I suppose, a missionary to the Philistines. The public resistance to any new manifestation of art is in this case uncommonly stubborn, since, in the words of an author quoted by Mr. Rodman, the publication of a book of poems nowadays is like dropping a petal into the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

Although Mr. Rodman's success as a missionary must be judged finally by the number of converts that he makes, it appears now that he is well equipped for the task. His introduction indicates succinctly what twentieth-century poets have been trying to do, gives some illustrations of their success in doing it, investigates the accusation of obscurity, and tussles with the issue of art and propaganda. In choosing the poems themselves he has avoided the polar vices of anthologists, sectarianism and flabby all-inclusiveness. After paying due homage to the better conservatives and the older generation generally, he devotes the second section to poets who have been more concerned with recording and interpreting the contemporary scene than with refining their instruments, the third to the craftsmen who have carried on the symbolists' quest for the most intense aesthetic effects, and the final quarter to the youngest poets, labeled social symbolists, who are applying the new techniques to a social subject matter.

No other person who has read widely in contemporary poetry will, of course, agree with all the inclusions and exclusions, but apart from certain disproportions in the allotment of space the selections are not far from the convergence of critical opinion. The most novel feature of the anthology is the inclusion of material not to be found in more snobbish collections, from the valedictory of Vanzetti, a group of anonymous Negro songs, and excerpts from Pare Lorentz's sound-track for the film "The River," to

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the epigrammatic jingles of Dorothy Parker and Ogden Nash, all of which, as Mr. Rodman argues plausibly, have some of the qualities of poetry.

If his readers can be persuaded to give concentrated attention to these samples, many, I believe, will feel that the poets have at least been on the job in America and England during our century. Not only has the time been rich in new departures, but it presents a respectable score of achievement. For if poetry is good for anything, it is not going anywhere; it has already arrived. That there are any major poets here seems unlikely, although Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Crane, Marianne Moore, and a few others may have written several lines of major poetry, and possibly even a few poems of the first order. Yet it would be hard to find another period of similar length which had so many poets with technical skill and some freshness of perception. It is not altogether extravagant to hope that ours may go down as a great age of minor poetry.

Neither Mr. Rodman nor anyone else has been able to find anything that can credibly be called the essence of poetic modernism. The common undertaking has been negative in character: an exceptionally lively fight against rhetoric, or stereotyped language, and against dulness, or stereotyped perceptions and ideas. In exploring the possibilities of their medium the poets have run the whole range from objectivity to subjectivity, from pure documentation to pure form, from free association to rigorous logic, from clowning to high seriousness. Yet in the most recent verse there may be detected a tendency to avoid the extremes of these qualities and to strive for synthesis rather than experimental novelty.

If there have been no names to place beside the hallowed ones, the reason may be in part that the more ambitious writer has had not only to choose his technique from a bewildering assortment but to create his own myths and construct the poet's equivalent to a philosophy. This task so far has proved too crushing, and indeed it would seem more within the power of the novelist than of the poet, who has to give such agonized attention to detail. Even the most gifted poets of our time have tended to be intellectual crackpots with regard to matters outside their craft, and they have not been able to build an imaginative framework which would enable them to sustain the poetic vision. The cultural conditions which have imposed these limitations do not promise to be ameliorated in the near future. Consequently, if we are to have bigger and better poets, they must first be heroes. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Industry's Price Policies

PRICE AND PRICE POLICIES. By Walton Hamilton and Associates. McGraw-Hill Book Company, $3.

THROUGHOUT our society excess ability to produce presses upon limited ability to buy. Out of that relentless pressure concerns in different industries are driven to intricate and manifold devices in the effort to find markets for their products. In automobiles for a time a policy of lowered prices widened markets and gave increasing use of a better product at a lowered cost. A complex system of dealer responsibility has shifted much of the burden and risk to the backs of an ever-changing multitude of local dealers, who have little bargaining power in negotiating with the gigantic concerns whose products they sell. In tires, technological perfection of the product has outrun expanding demand, so that a smaller quantity of a cheaper and far more durable product now supplies the needs formerly met by a much larger volume of sales. To counteract this narrowing demand the producing concerns have utilized a variety of outlets in the effort to maintain the lower costs of full-capacity operation. Likewise, in gasoline, overexploitation at the wells presses on through duplicating refineries, distribution systems, and gas stations —the search of individual concerns for a larger share of a limited market—while states restrict production in the larger interest of conserving a rapidly dwindling resource. In both tires and gas the dominant producing concerns, in the unceasing search for profitable volume, experiment with company stores, unjustified discounts to large sellers, and special deals of all sorts, while a number of smaller producers maintain a hazardous existence "in the interstices of the industry." In cottonseed, a by-product which itself breaks up into a number of products, processing and marketing are dominated by a few large concerns mostly geared into the big meat packers, but prices tie into the edible-oil and livestock-feed markets. Women's dresses, on the contrary, are produced by a constantly fluctuating group of relatively small concerns, actively competing both in style and price though classifying their products in a series of customary price lines. Whiskey has come back from prohibition chastened and somewhat purified, but still competing for the buyers' preference largely on the basis of intangibles. Milk, the one major farm product sold at prices fixed other than by a competitive market, has developed an elaborate structure of pricing and sales and of public inspection and control through which large distributors and farmers' associations bargain for prices and modify the impact of supply to their own advantage and sometimes with disregard of the needs of the ultimate consumer.

This hasty summary gives some idea of the tone and flavor of this tremendous quarter-million-word study of a few selected industries. In his introductory chapter Dr. Hamilton promises that the several industry studies, each by a different specialist, will center on price and on how price serves or fails to serve toward abundance. "The price is the focal point upon which all that is order and disorder in an industry converges." Actually, though, the value of the studies lies more in their graphic, colorful, detailed exposition of the methods, practices, and customs in each industry than in any explanation or analysis of price. The several chapters are of widely differing character. Mark Adams's chapter on automobiles is somewhat panegyric of the early Ford price-reducing days, and rather skips over the most recent behavior of the dominant concerns with respect to wage, price, or profit policy. The tire chapter by Albert Abrahamson makes good use of statistical tables, and the cottonseed chapter by George Marshall uses charts effectively, though its author is stumped by the simple statistical problem of separating the composite influences of cotton crop and lard supplies on cottonseed-oil prices. Helen Everett Meiklejohn's study of women's dresses is easily the brightest chapter of the book, and effectively blends tabular facts with vivid verbal descrip-

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tions of a chaotically competitive industry whose only order comes from a far-seeing labor union forcing standards of competition upon the employers. Irene Till's chapter on milk gives a vivid description of the complexities of the industry, though in certain spots a dairy husbandryman or a milk-marketing specialist would differ with her on details. Her suggestion of a federal system of sanitary inspection to replace the present overlapping and restrictive local-state systems is a good one. It may be questioned, though, whether the effects of such a change would be as far-reaching as she indicates. She is also responsible for the study of gasoline, where the shifting pattern of monopolistic competition is clearly traced.

Dr. Hamilton's final chapter, on Industrial Government, falls somewhat short of stating the full problem as the reviewer sees it. Hamilton correctly shows that "an executive may be sophisticated in the ways of money-making and yet quite untutored in the larger concerns of industrial policy. . . . When called upon to direct an industry or to suggest a treatment for an ailing economic order, the mass of them will prescribe measures in the likeness of the pursuit of gain by the individual concern." Yet despite the brilliance of his exposition of the suppression of competition beneath an overlay of control, regulation, and custom, and of the limited ability of trade groups and public agencies to deal with the problem, he seems to overlook the fact that his discussion is limited to problems of intra-industry order. The reviewer believes, in contrast, that the crucial problems are those of inter-industry order, of how our major industries may develop concerted policies or take concerted action to move toward full production and full employment. Along the line of inter-industry action, I believe, lies the road to the solution of the paradox of continuing poverty in the midst of potential abundance. "Price and Price Policies," begun in the shadow of the dying NRA, is marred by some of the same restricted vision that limited NRA's usefulness.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

A Scientist Looks at Society

MAN, THE SLAVE AND MASTER. By Mark Graubard. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

SCIENTISTS have recently shown a widening interest in world affairs. This change of attitude has been brought about both by the requests of governments for their services in attacking national problems and by the growing realization among scientists themselves that the advance in knowledge of the last hundred years has not been accompanied by increased governmental competence. The discipline of science is to be applied to human relations. This book by a young geneticist is approached, therefore, with added interest.

Dr. Graubard has written with skepticism of ancient beliefs but hardly shows scientific caution in dealing with present-day problems. As long as he is reporting facts, he shows himself well versed in his subject. There is, however, an occasional lapse. He states that we can see genes; no such thing is possible. These units in the chromosomes which are responsible for hereditary characters are submicroscopic. He reviews our genetic knowledge mainly from the classical point of view, with little reference to the very recent significant work in this field; and then proceeds to examine our social systems—past, present, and future—from the genetic point of view.

Dr. Graubard definitely had his thesis before he started to collect his facts. He writes, "The difference between human and insect behavior is this: man has no instincts. . . . Most of our behavior is learned and controlled by experience." He then reports experiments in which insects learned to come to a definite colored glass with food as reward. This is instinctive in the insect, but not in man. Dr. Graubard has put man on a pedestal on which he does not belong biologically.

A geneticist in the anthropological field disturbs me when he writes as follows: "Around the institution of the family and marriage an endless series of taboos and customs has evolved. Needless to say, variation in these customs indicates the absence of a biologic basis for them." But the author has shown previously, and correctly too, that variation occurs in single characters owing to a single gene. Hence variation is even more to be expected in the complexities of social behavior. The discussion of the taboo on brother-sister matings as of non-biologic origin is far from convincing.

Scientists have much to contribute to our present unsettled political world by their objectiveness and by the application of definite standards of measurement. But no one scientist's personal opinions, be he Max Planck or Mark Graubard, should be offered to the public as of scientific origin.

HUGH H. DARBY

Marx, Engels, and America

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Edited by Richard Enmale. International Publishers. $3.

THE inhospitableness of the American intellectual environment to Marxism has been attributed by some of our social historians to the peculiar economic development of the country, which has conditioned our mental attitudes and social habits. The exponents of this thesis have asserted that in America the absence of a feudal background, the immense natural resources, and the free access to land gave reality to the ideals of democracy and equality as in no other country; that in the past the exceptional economic opportunities in which American individualism and democracy were grounded prevented the stratification of society into mutually hostile classes in keeping with Marx's prediction and analysis; that even though the rapid concentration of wealth and industry has tended in recent decades to create a class alignment according to Marx's conception, the class consciousness on which the socialist theory of revolution rests, subjectively, has been thwarted because the opportunities, while dwindling, have been sufficient to keep alive the common man's faith in the equity of the present scheme of things and in the ideals handed down to him from the past; and, finally, that the growth of class consciousness, impeded by the individualistic aspirations of American workers and the allegiance of the middle class of executives and white-collar employees to capital, has been further stifled by the racial antagonisms of our polyglot population.

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It is undeniable, of course, that the failure of Marxian ideas to gain widespread acceptance among the common run of Americans and their intellectual leaders is due to the cultural peculiarities incident to the country's unique economic progress. But it does not follow from this, as is so often contended, that Marx did not understand America or that its peculiar cultural and economic development challenges the validity of his historical analysis and forecast. This view will in all probability lose some of its persuasiveness for the American mind now that the correspondence of Marx and Engels and their articles on the Civil War have been translated and published in the present volume.

The articles were originally published in the years 1861 and 1862 in the New York *Daily Tribune,* to which both Marx and Engels contributed, and in the Vienna *Presse,* of which Marx was English correspondent for a brief period. The letters published in the present volume do not include the whole of the Marx-Engels correspondence on America. Nevertheless, when read in conjunction with the articles, they adequately demonstrate that Marx and Engels possessed an intimate and detailed knowledge not alone of the military maneuvers of the Northern and Southern armies but of the history, geography, and financial conditions of the country as well.

Marx and Engels viewed the causes of the Civil War in the perspective of their basic theory of economic development. They thought that while Negro slavery was an important link in the early development of capitalism it had by 1860 already become a fetter upon capitalist expansion in the United States. As long as capitalist expansion was blocked by slavery, a labor movement which would bring about the eventual "emancipation of labor" was impossible. "In the United States of America," Marx wrote, "every independent movement of the workers was paralyzed as long as slavery disfigured a part of the republic. Labor cannot emancipate itself in the white skin where in the black it is branded." Thus in supporting the North and in urging the English workers to oppose British intervention in behalf of the South, Marx and Engels carried out in practice the logic of their revolutionary principles.

Although confident that Northern capital and free labor would ultimately triumph over the slave oligarchy, they were frequently alarmed lest the superior military strategy of the Southern generals, Lincoln's indecisiveness, his pettifogging diplomacy, and his refusal to arm the slaves, together with the fiscal blunders and military defeats of the North, would force the federal government into an early peace and thus indefinitely postpone the final outcome. "Things go damned slowly in the United States," Marx wrote Engels on February 13, 1863. In his reply Engels agreed and significantly pointed out that "it is lucky that a peace is a physical impossibility, otherwise they [the Yankees] would have made one long ago, merely to be able to live for the almighty dollar again." Engels, however, was more inclined to pessimism than Marx, who on one occasion chided him with being "swayed a little too much by the military aspect of things." Marx took the position that even if the North lost the war, the country could never be reconstructed on an entirely slave basis. This, he contended, would be prevented by the anti-slavery sentiment of the West and the divided sympathy of the border states. In consequence, if the North suffered a military defeat, slavery would find itself confined to the seven Southern states east of the Mississippi. Here the rapid exhaustion of the soil and a probable revolt of the poor whites against the plantation aristocracy would bring about the eventual downfall of the slave regime. It was, then, not only the weakness of the slave regime in the face of the *historical necessities* of capitalism that led Marx to predict victory for the North. He thought that the ascendancy of capitalism in America was implemented by the democracy and individualism of the frontier states and the historic conflict between "highlanders" and "lowlanders," that is, the back country and tidewater.

These letters and articles show that while Marx and Engels looked at America from the standpoint of their class theory of society, they were acutely aware of American traditions and the peculiarities of the country's economic development. It is especially important to note that Marx understood the significance of the frontier and used it with telling effect in his analysis of conditions in this country long before Frederick Jackson Turner discovered its importance for American historiography. Marx and Engels failed, however, completely to integrate American experience with their basic theory of social change. Perhaps if they had lived longer they would have done this. This belief is supported by Engels's correspondence with German émigrés some years after Marx's death. The American labor movement, he wrote, "will in no ways follow the direct classical line, but will proceed mischievously in zigzags, and at times appear retrogressive. . . ." He ascribed the "ups and downs in the movement" to attitudes deeply rooted in the economic soil. "America," he noted, "was the ideal of all bourgeois; a country rich, vast, expanding, with purely bourgeois institutions unleavened by feudal remnants or monarchical traditions and without a permanent and hereditary proletariat. Here everyone could become, if not a capitalist, at all events an independent man, producing or trading, with his own means, for his own account. And because there were not, as yet, classes with opposing interests, our—and your—bourgeoisie thought that America stood above class antagonisms and struggles." The backwardness of American labor was further caused by the "exceptional position of the native workers" and their hostility to immigrant and Negro workers. He said, "Up to 1848, one could only speak of the permanent native working class as an exception: the small beginnings of it in the cities of the East always had still the hope of becoming farmers or bourgeois. Now a working class has developed. . . . But it still takes up an aristocratic attitude and wherever possible leaves the ordinary badly paid occupations to the immigrants, of whom only a small section enter the aristocratic trade unions. And your bourgeoisie knows . . . how to play off one nationality against the other: Jews, Italians, Bohemians, etc., against German and Irish, and each against the other. . . . And then we must add the Negroes."

The trouble with Marx and Engels's brand of historical analysis as applied to America is not that it fails to take into account the cultural heritage of the country as determined by its economic experience; the great difficulty with it is that Marx and Engels assigned insufficient weight to these cultural influences and thought that they would rapidly lose their power under the impact of capitalist forces. Such optimism

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characterized their approach to European as well as to American history. And this failure adequately to allow for the persistence of old habits of thought and of traditions, the existence of which they fully recognized, has arisen in recent years to damn the socialist revolutionary prophecy and to send the socialist movement scurrying to the cover of popular fronts, collective security, and socialism in one country.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Shorter Notices

FRUIT IN SEASON. By Anthony Thorne. Random House. $2.50.

The decline of old landed families is a theme common enough in English novels since the war, for increasing taxes and declining interest rates have imperiled the upkeep of large estates. The children of the gentry are spilled out into the world unprepared to cope with contracting economic horizons. It is a theme that invites lugubrious treatment. The virtue of Mr. Thorne's novel is its lightness, its graciousness, and its definitely minor key that some will take for sentimentality. True, his tone is so subdued that he seems to evade the social and psychological implications of his material. True, he tells his story in three swift tableaux, his characters do not develop, and he falls back rather too often on a pulpy nostalgia. But once his characters are on the scene, once he has taken motives and social forces for granted, he writes with a smooth ease and a humorous perceptiveness more common on his side of the ocean than on ours. In the first tableau he shows us four imaginative children running wild on an old estate while their mother strives to conceal her alcoholism. In the second tableau we see Runeham Hall decaying after the mother's death and the scattering of the children. And in the third tableau, which is really the core of the book and which might well have been expanded at the expense of the other sections, we find that one of the children, Catherine, has invited the others to a fortnight's reunion at the Hall. Hardened and bitter, they assemble with some suspicion of each other. But they still have roots in the soil, and they leave at the end of the fortnight happier and saner and with some of their personal problems solved. In other words, frothy enough, but quite pleasant.

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD. By Glyn Roberts. Covici-Friede. $3.

Sir Henri Deterding, the villain of this story, is the man who built up the Royal Dutch Shell combine to a position challenging the supremacy of Standard Oil. During the war he played a prominent part in floating the Allies to victory on a tide of oil and for his services received a British knighthood although he has never abandoned his Dutch citizenship. In the post-war era, while extending the operations of his trust in every part of the world, he has chiefly been prominent on account of his unremitting hostility to the Soviet Union, which he considers stole his valuable and strategic Caucasian oil fields. According to this book he has been behind every intrigue against Russia and has been one of the chief financial supporters of the Nazis. His story is one which definitely deserves wide publicity, and Mr. Roberts

TO ALL *NATION* READERS

who were appalled by "MURDER IN A TEXAS PRISON CAMP" in last week's issue (and who could scarcely believe that such things happen)

Read this true story of routine brutalities and horrors in Southern chain gangs by a man who is still a fugitive from Georgia!

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—Samuel G. Kling, Bureau of Prisons, U. S. Dept. of Justice, in the N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

A story more melodramatic than Burns' own experiences—how a young man, the victim of society rather than of any misdeeds of his own, was railroaded to a long term in the chain gang; how he escaped time after time, and how, ultimately, he voluntarily surrendered himself to serve a life term in a Michigan penitentiary rather than risk a return to the chain gangs.

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has shown great diligence in collecting every scrap of information throwing light on his activities. It is all the more pity, therefore, that the completed job is not better. The documentation is inadequate, too much of the evidence is mere hearsay, and several obvious confusions of names do not increase confidence in the general accuracy. The interpretation is intended to be Marxian but is by no means consistent. Deterding is portrayed first as the mere creature of events and then as dominating them; yet again, he is only a puppet in the hands of "the lean-jowled old men who guard the [British] Empire's permanent interests." The book would have been greatly improved by the severe pruning of its digressions and repetitions, but no editing could have cured the style, which can only be described as *Time* with an Oxford accent.

THE AYES HAVE IT. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Owing to a curious survival, British universities have special Parliamentary representation, with all graduates entitled to a vote. In the case of Oxford the electorate is heavily weighted with country clergymen whose votes hitherto have invariably been given to impeccably respectable Conservatives. Hence there was widespread astonishment when, at the last general election, A. P. Herbert, humorist, novelist, and crusader for divorce reform, was elected as an independent. A few years earlier Mr. Herbert in "Holy Deadlock" had amusingly and effectively exposed the indecent absurdities of English divorce law, which recognized only one cause, adultery, as grounds for termination of a marriage. The subject formed the core of his election address, and once in Parliament he lost no time in mounting his hobby. In this volume he describes how, in less than two years, he successfully cleared all the numerous hurdles that stand between the introduction of a Private Member's Bill and the Royal Consent. The reform thereby effected was genuinely important, and Mr. Herbert deserves great credit for his pertinacity. He may be congratulated, also, for the light he throws on the internal machinery of the House of Commons and the carefully tended spirit of the place which allows members to differ furiously in debate yet remain the best of friends. One is left wondering how much of this admirable sportsmanship would survive the introduction of reforms cutting deeply into the present basis of society.

THE SPIDER AND THE CLOCK. Poems by S. Funaroff. International Publishers. $1.

Mr. Funaroff's poems represent an unfortunate attempt to express aspects of a Communist philosophy in a combination of old and new poetic forms. His What the Thunder Said: A Fire Sermon, a soi-disant answer to T. S. Eliot, is subtitled "a cinematic poem." It is bad cinema, bad poetry, and bad refutation. The title poem is an anti-fascist philippic based on a news account of a spider's struggle to harness the moving hands of an alarm clock in its web. Such material would appear to be fool-proof, but the poet proves otherwise. What there is of poetry in any one of Mr. Funaroff's fire-sermons seems at best to be a grudging concession to the minimum requirements of the art. And can poor art ever be more than poor propaganda?

LABOR'S NEW MILLIONS. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

Mary Heaton Vorse's volume is a useful summary of the activities of the C. I. O. unions. Beginning with a recitation of events which led to the first C. I. O. strike in the rubber industry, it traces the principal organizational activities of the unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. It is interesting reading, and for those who want a handy and uncritical compendium of recent C. I. O. activities, the work can be highly recommended. However, a description of labor's new millions might tell us something of the new additions to the A. F. of L. unions. Also the work might have been improved by a discussion of some of the intra-union problems, such as dues collections, discipline, and left-wing political factionalism. Mrs. Vorse follows the current fashion and regrets Homer Martin's denunciation of Communist fractions in the auto workers' union. This she regards as red-baiting. However, a political group that attempts to impose its views upon a labor union runs the risk of attack, and the Communist Party has no reason to expect other treatment. Mrs. Vorse's figures on union membership reveal considerable faith in official statements, but she might have informed us whether dues-paying members only are counted or also those who have merely signed application cards. It is true that the C. I. O. has made great and invaluable contributions to the progress of labor, but the movement is best served by a recognition of difficulties and mistakes.

RECORDS

A READER of this column suspects there must be other *Nation* readers besides himself who find it impossible to pay the prices of Victor and Columbia records. "The Decca records are more reasonable, and though as a line they are decidedly inferior to Columbia and Victor, still they do contain some fine things. . . . A set I am glad to own of Decca is the complete 'Dido and Aeneas.' . . . A frightful lemon is Mozart's Coronation Concerto played by Magda Tagliaferro." And the job of sorting out good and bad is one he would like me to do. "I might even say that I feel it a duty of a *Nation* reviewer."

But I have been doing my duty. I discussed the Decca records at some length, making a number of recommendations—including "Dido"—in *The Nation* of April 3, 1937; and made further recommendations on November 13, and more recently on May 14 and June 25. There were, however, a few things in the first Decca list that I did not get around to investigating; and they included the Mozart concertos. Life being short, I have taken my correspondent's word that the set of the Concerto K. 537 is a lemon, and have looked into the Piano Concertos K. 414 and 449, partly because they were unfamiliar and might be finds, but also for this reason: when I first discussed Decca records I pointed out that a large number were pressed from old Odéon and Parlophone masters which gave poor reproduction of orchestra and piano; but that some originated in more recent English Decca

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recordings with greater clarity and fidelity. Among these were the "Dido" set, the Boyd Neel Orchestra's records of Händel's Concerti Grossi, and Mozart's Concertos K. 414 and 449, recorded by this orchestra with Kathleen Long. K. 414 turns out to be a work of considerable charm; K. 449 I find uninteresting. The performances seem good; but this time the English Decca recording gives a muffled sound of piano and orchestra. In my first discussion of Decca I mentioned that the surfaces were noisy and afflicted with the loose residue which makes first playings a trial; and I must report that the end of one of my records of K. 414 sputters and crackles like a firecracker, and that all the records discussed in this article had to be played with chromium needles which began to give defective reproduction after a side or two.

Things to avoid in the first Decca list are Mengelberg's record of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture (Gluck's "Alceste" is better), the Huberman-Friedman records of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, the von Schillings set of the "Eroica" Symphony, the Ramin records of Bach's Trio-Sonatas, Mignan's record of the Toccata and Fugue in D minor. And in the new Decca list Sir Henry Wood's set of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The new list offers a good recording of a good performance of Bellini's "Norma." Gina Cigna's tremolo is present, but the voice has more warmth and color than it had in the Metropolitan revival two years ago, and her shortcomings are made up for by some of the other singers; while the performance as a whole gains from the authoritative conducting of Vittorio Gui.

The unusual voice and temperament of the late Conchita Supervia are to be heard in a large number of records in the new release. I recommend her records of passages from "Carmen," the Rossini operas, and "Der Rosenkavalier," made with orchestral accompaniments that are quite adequate; and also Falla's Seven Spanish Popular Songs. In this connection I mention the records of the marvelous castanet playing of L'Argentina. They suffer from orchestral and piano accompaniments that were recorded long, long ago, but you might get two of them: Nin's Danse Ibérienne and Falla's Serenata Andaluza. Then there are records of songs by Nin in which you may be willing to accept the ancient-sounding piano accompaniments for the sake of Ninon Vallin's beautiful singing. Her record of "Connais-tu le pays" and "Elle est aimée" from "Mignon," I might add here, is very fine.

Finally—for the present—I come to Lotte Lehmann's recordings of arias from "Fidelio," "Marriage of Figaro," "Magic Flute," "Rosenkavalier" (not the Monologue which begins with "Da geht er hin," as on Victor 7920-A, but the passage sung to Octavian on the B-side of the Victor record, including the little lecture on the meaning of time), "Ariadne auf Naxos" (arid stuff), "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Tristan." They give us her voice at its prime —which is to say at its most luscious, but even then with its constriction in high notes and with such technical weaknesses occasionally wreaking havoc with phrasing ("Magic Flute"). The orchestral accompaniments vary from poor to atrocious ("Fidelio" and "Tristan"). I will deal with the other Lehmann records at another time; but one of them I can recommend now—Schumann's "Aufträge," in spite of muffled recording of the delightful piano part. B. H. HAGGIN

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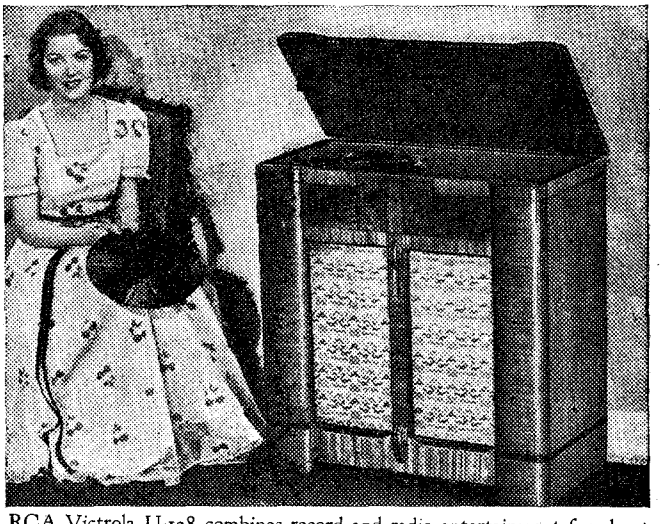

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Letters to the Editors

Ford and Hitler

Dear Sirs: How is it possible for a self-respecting American like Henry Ford to accept an order bestowed by Hitler? Even if Mr. Ford, who is notoriously ignorant in matters having nothing to do with machines or motors, shares the Führer's views concerning Jews, he cannot deny that Germany's Leader is making a powerful drive against everything that the true American holds dear. Moreover, how comes it that the sponsor of the famous "peace ship" is willing to become obligated to one who acclaims force above intelligence, and power above integrity; one whose creed is a passionate paean to the glories of war?

My idea of a loyal American is one who would refuse indignantly to be singled out for honor by a nation that upholds an acknowledged hater of democracy, an enemy of peace and peaceful methods, as contemptible a figure as history has produced in his wailings to high heaven against injustice to minorities outside Germany, while inflicting every kind of injustice on the unfortunate minorities within his own gates.

It is of course possible that Hitler admires the Ford car. It is also quite within the bounds of possibility that he admires even more a certain scurrilous weekly which not so long ago was sponsored by Ford, and that he would not be displeased to see it once more spring into life.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Wood's Hole, Mass., August 11

Model for the A. M. A.

Dear Sirs: The doughty leaders of the American Medical Association who denounce the attempt to put modern medicine at the service of the poor by enlisting national, state, and local governments in the work are following an ancient and illuminating precedent which so far they have forborne to quote. It is no less than 178 years old, and you will find it in that chapter of Buckle's "History of Civilization" which deals with Spain—in my copy it is Volume 2, page 75. Here it is:

> When, in the year of 1760, some bold men in the government proposed that the streets of Madrid should be cleaned, so daring a suggestion excited general anger. . . . The medical profession, as guardians of the public health, were desired by the government to give their opinion. This, they had no difficulty in doing.
>
> They had no doubt that the dirt ought to remain. To remove it was a new experiment; and of new experiments it was impossible to foresee the issue. Their fathers having lived in the midst of it, why should not they do the same? . . . Even the smell, of which some persons complained, was most likely wholesome. The air being sharp and piercing, it was extremely probable that bad smells made the atmosphere heavy, and in that way deprived it of some of its injurious properties. The physicians of Madrid, therefore, were of opinion that matters had better remain as their ancestors had left them, and that no attempt should be made to purify the capital by removing the filth which lay scattered on every hand.

With a few minor changes, such as substituting "socialized medicine" for "new experiments," Mr. Buckle's summary of the heroic defiance of the Madrid physicians would be a splendid literary model for an official proclamation from the A. M. A.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

Washington, August 10

Bleeding America

Dear Sirs: On July 20 the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was jammed as the Theater Arts Committee, offering a preview of the new Spanish film, "Return to Life," lured the proletariat into the ivoriest tower in Manhattan for a nice big touch in behalf of bleeding Spain. I am thinking of bleeding America.

I am thinking of a dry, sun-baked hillside, and a thin woman with two starving children huddled to her skirts seeking the meager shade of an olive tree. From a grove of Valencia oranges down below comes the vicious sound of spitting rifle fire. Slowly crawling up the hillside, hands held tightly against his groin, a man in tattered clothing makes his agonized way toward the aisle of olive trees.

Spain? No. America, California—where the military forces of the absentee owners, the hired and legalized gunmen of the mortgage holders, wage open warfare against 200,000 American citizens, denied the right to vote, denied the right to relief, denied the right to drink fresh water, denied the right of everything but the doubtful and sometimes non-existent opportunity to roam the hot arid California desert picking crops at a few cents a day.

Can you imagine a meeting in the ballroom of the Waldorf for California's 200,000 starving migratory workers? There's no romance in pea-pickers.

WILLIAM N. ROBSON

New York, August 8

Bureaucratic Solution

Dear Sirs: On reading in *The Nation* recently of the fate in store for Gerolamo Peduzzi, I wrote a letter of protest to Secretary Perkins, and received from the Labor Department a reply to the following effect:

> The department has entered an order granting the above-named person permission to transship to Nicaragua forthwith, provided the steamship line involved is willing to assume responsibility for his return to Italy in the event his entry into Nicaragua is denied.

Why should any steamship company give the guaranty demanded—whether on the one hand it is unwilling to deliver a man to the executioner, or whether on the other it is too hard-boiled to care what happens? It is outrageous and unworthy of our government to play with a man's life like this! But if they are going to, at least the fact should be known.

ELLEN A. FREEMAN

Weekapaug, R. I., August 8

The War in New Orleans

Dear Sirs: The Nation of July 9 refers to the police terrorism against the C. I. O. in New Orleans.

We agree whole-heartedly with your analysis of the situation with the exception of your statement that "a situation ominous enough in itself is rendered incalculably worse by labor's private prize fight" and that "while wholesale police terror closes in on the city, A. F. of L. and C. I. O. workers are waging war upon each other."

The truth is that when the strike was called by the United Transport Workers' Union, the workers involved were organized 100 per cent in the C. I. O.

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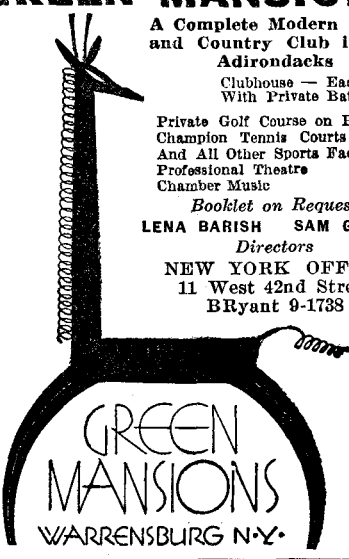

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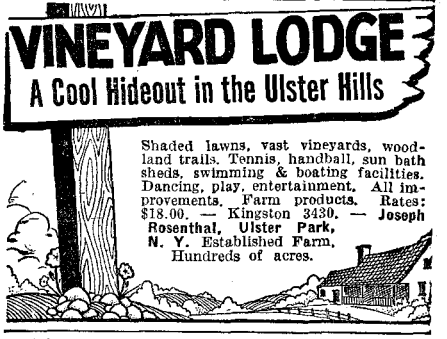

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They were replaced by professional strike-breakers, supplied by the A. F. of L. However, no war was waged between the C. I. O. workers and the A. F. of L. strike-breakers. The only war waged was that against the C. I. O. strikers, by the New Orleans Police Department, which has carried on unprecedented terrorism against all C. I. O. members, whether they were involved in the strike or not.

It is true that there is a dispute between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. over the question of representation, but all New Orleans unionists know that the A. F. of L. bases its claims only on newly signed "closed-shop" contracts with the drayage companies, and not on actual membership. The story that the transport union's strike was a dispute between two unions was manufactured by the employers and Acting Police Chief Grosch to confuse the public on the true issues. PAUL HEIDE

Organizer, United Transport Workers
New Orleans, August 5

Judge Berry's Tory Principles

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 23 you referred to the recent remarks of Vice-Chancellor Berry of New Jersey on the privilege of free speech. This was not the first time that Vice-Chancellor Berry had been perfectly frank in stating from the bench his tory principles. One day in the city of Long Branch, New Jersey, the Vice-Chancellor announced that "courts are not servants of the people. The legislature may be said to be, in a sense, the servant of the people. The Executive, to a degree, may also be said to be the same, but to a less degree than the legislative branch of the government; but the judicial branch of the government is an arbiter of disputes between citizens, or of disputes which may arise between citizens and the government itself." In other words, the Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey is a reincarnation of those colonial judges, so much hated by our forefathers, who as agents of King George III likewise denied that the courts were the servants of the people. CHARLES W. ERVIN

New York, August 9

Champion of the Under-Dog

Dear Sirs: On May 20, on the recommendation of President John William Bergin, the Board of Trustees of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, dismissed from the faculty Dr. John C. Granbery, head of the department of philosophy and an indefatigable fighter for the underprivileged.

The official reason for terminating Dr. Granbery's employment was lack of funds. Since, however, he was the lowest-paid man on the staff, this reason has not been accepted. A call to a public meeting to protest his dismissal said in part: "If this dismissal, which is apparently attributable to Dr. Bergin's resentment at Dr. Granbery because the latter has fearlessly and consistently espoused the cause of the underprivileged, is not challenged . . . we will be admitting that Southwestern University must be . . . a concentration camp for the purpose of isolating from the heart-rending problems of our country today the intellectual ability which all of us regard as our one hope of escape from darkness and chaos."

WINIFRED L. CHAPPELL

Mena, Arkansas, August 3

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